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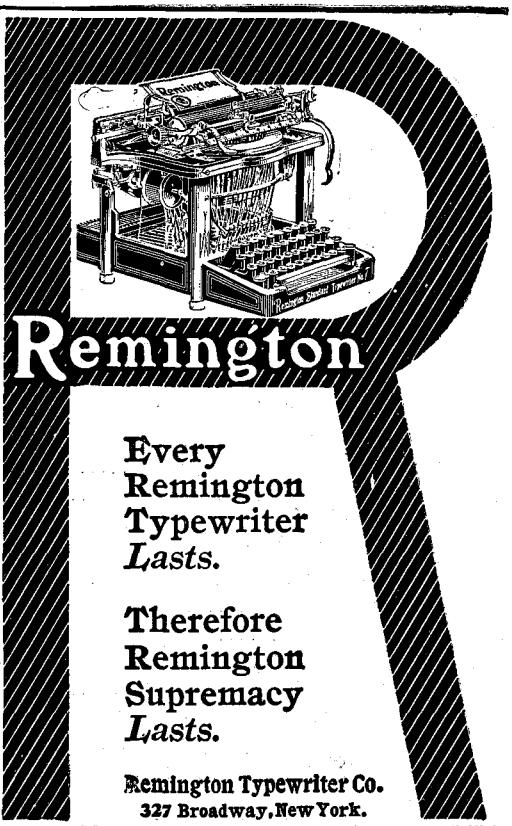

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Mormonism on Trial

The essential difference between the charges against Senator Smoot now being investigated by the Senate Committee on Elections and those which resulted in a refusal to admit Mr. Roberts as a member of the lower branch of Congress, is that in the latter case the man was on trial, in the present case the system. It is not alleged that Mr. Smoot is a polygamist or a man of bad personal character, or that he has violated the law in any way. Nor does it seem to be the intention, as many had supposed, to show specifically that as an "apostle" of the Mormon Church he is bound by an oath inconsistent with allegiance to the United States and with his duty as a Senator. The indictment is a broader one; it goes to the root of the relations of Mormonism to civil government. It is alleged that, despite the "revelation" of 1890 by which plural marriages ceased to be commended and urged by the Church, and despite the acceptance of the law by which polygamy became a criminal offense (a law without the enactment of which Utah could not have been admitted to Statehood), the Mormon Church does in fact defy the law by upholding and honoring those who continue to maintain polygamous relations; that it thus strikes at the most fundamental of a citizen's relations, that of the family; and that as a hierarchy it controls and dictates the political actions of its members, so that it is a foregone conclusion that an official high in its counsels, as is an "apostle," must place first and above all things the power and supremacy of the Church of Latter-Day Saints. In the hearings last week the extraordinary spectacle was afforded of the head of the Mormon Church, First President Smith, declaring again and again that he was himself an habitual violator of the law; that he trusted in the forbearance of his fellow-citizens not to enforce it against him; that he was ready to suffer the penalty if need be; and that it would degrade and debase him to obey the law. It is one thing, it may be pointed out, to agree that Mormons are morally bound to support and care for plural wives married before the latest "revelation" about polygamy, and for their children; it is quite another thing to justify the example of the official head of the Church who tells of his eleven children by five wives born since that manifesto. President Smith's contention, repeated again and again, was that there have been no plural marriages authorized or connived at by the Church since 1890 (he did not say absolutely that no plural marriages had taken place, and it is stated that adverse testimony on this point will be introduced), but that the continuance of polygamous relations previously contracted was not condemned. A majority of the high governing bodies of the Church (the first and second Presidents, the Council, and the twelve apostles) are reported to be pluralists. Mr. Smith admitted the correctness of a report that he had within a year said, in a company in which Mr. Smoot was present, that the doctrine of plural marriages was a revelation by God and that to reject it would be equivalent to a rejection of God himself, but nevertheless said that he considered that since the "revelation" of 1890 he was bound not to teach the doctrine publicly. Yet later on he admitted that if the doctrine were publicly attacked he would defend it. In spite of these obvious inconsistencies, Mr. Smith maintained earnestly that the Church had in good faith carried out the manifesto or

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"revelation" of 1890. One of the points brought out as bearing directly on the present case was that when Mr. Thatcher was a candidate for the Senate he was threatened with being cut off from the Church if he ran on a platform it disapproved. Mr. Smith assented to Mr. Hoar's summing up of the Mormon position as the belief that polygamy is right and innocent, but that since the Woodruff manifesto suspended the command to practice polygamy, the faithful may properly obey the law. If the Senate refuses to admit Mr. Smoot as a member, it will practically deny the right of the Mormons to send to the Senate any of their high Church officials, nominated and elected in the interest of the Church, so long as that body openly upholds illegal practices.

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Protests Against Mob Savagery

The dispassionate appeal of Booker T. Washington in the columns of the "Age Herald," of Birmingham, Alabama, calling attention to the fact that within a fortnight three negroes had been burned at the stake, one of them a woman, none of the three charged with any crime even remotely connected with the abuse of white women, all the burnings in broad daylight, two of them on Sunday afternoon and within sight of a Christian church, ought to arrest the attention even of those who have become indifferent to these frightful outbreaks of savagery by reason of their frequency. It is a terrible accusation which Mr. Washington brings against American society when he says, "The custom of burning human beings has become so common as scarcely to excite interest or attract unusual attention." As he has always been one of the foremost to condemn in strongest terms all crimes committed by his race, there is the more force in his dispassionate declaration that these barbarous sins, followed by publication of the details, are more degrading to the people who inflict the punishment than to those who receive it, and that the worst feature of these outrages is that they occur in communities where Christian churches, Sunday-schools, Christian Endeavor Societies, and Young Men's Christian Associations are established, and where collections are taken up for sending missionaries to the so-called heathen world! This letter, which is a simple statement of facts, ought to be pondered by every thoughtful man in the United States. The sudden and terrible vengeance inflicted by a throng of indignant men on the discovery of a repulsive crime can be understood; but the burning at the stake of a human being in the twentieth century, wherever it occurs and by whomever committed, means but one thing: the survival of savage brutality. A man, no matter what his standing, who can assist in the burning of a fellow-creature for any offense is a savage. It is one thing to hang or shoot an offender in the first moment of horror at his crime; it is another thing to tie a human being to a stake, pile combustibles about him, and stand near while he dies in agony. It is a relief to turn from this terrible indictment to the prompt action of Governor Vardaman in saving a negro from a mob who had sworn to burn him at the stake. The Governor, on the report of the possible burning of the negro, took a special train to the locality, and arrived there in advance of the mob. Under the escort of the militia and the sheriff's posse, the Governor took the negro to his own train and carried him back to Jackson, where he is safely lodged and will be brought to speedy trial. The Mississippi Legislature has thanked Governor Vardaman for his action. We believe the Legislature in this voices the prevailing public sentiment not only of the State, but of the whole South as well. As The Outlook has condemned with severity recent utterances of Governor Vardaman in regard to the negro, it takes special satisfaction in commending his prompt and courageous performance of his duty.

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A Negro Suffrage Case Dismissed

Another effort to get the Supreme Court of the United States to declare a Southern State Constitutional provision a violation of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Federal Constitution has failed. A negro named

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Giles, who had enjoyed the right of voting in Alabama, was refused registration in March, 1902. He appealed to the State courts, and, losing his case there, appealed to the United States Supreme Court. The Court sums up in this sentence: "We are of the opinion that plaintiffs in error have not brought the cases within the statute giving to this Court the right of review." Therefore the Court reaches no decision on the principle involved. The State court had decided adversely to the negro on this simple ground: If the State Constitutional provision is null and void, then the Board of Registration is virtually non-existent; it therefore committed no offense in refusing to register the plaintiff, and of course cannot be made to register him. On the other hand, if the State Constitutional provision is authoritative, then by that very provision the Board of Registration is empowered to act as it did. This being the decision of the State court, the Supreme Court of the United States concludes that no Federal question is involved, and therefore that the Court has no jurisdiction in the case. Like the recent decision of the Supreme Court regarding negro jurymen (see The Outlook for January 30), this opinion has been in some quarters misunderstood. In that case the Supreme Court of the United States affirmed that it had jurisdiction, and remanded the case to the State court; in this case it denies that it has jurisdiction, and dismisses the case. The Court neither sustains nor condemns the Alabama Constitutional provisions regarding the suffrage; it simply says that it cannot either sustain or condemn until it is clearly called upon to do so, and that it has not so been called upon in this case. It remains to be seen whether a case can be framed so as to bring the question before the Supreme Court for decision. It is a question whether whatever injustice the State Constitution may do is not to be remedied by legislative or political rather than judicial machinery. In another column we discuss the facts and principles involved in the suffrage amendments to several of the Southern State Constitutions.

School Legislation in Ohio

The Legislature of Ohio is now wrestling with the formation of a new school code which is to be uniform in its application throughout the State. Heretofore special legislation for different cities, under the guise of classification, has been passed from time to time. The Supreme Court of the State has finally declared such minute classification unconstitutional, hence the necessity of a uniform code. The present Legislature is strongly Republican. The chief issue upon which it was elected was the re-election of the late Senator Hanna. All other issues were pushed into the background. The agitation and consideration of the matter of school legislation were left until after the election of the members of the present Legislature. Political exigencies and considerations will therefore carry much weight in determining the outcome. The question concerning which the most interest is manifested is that of the method of nominating and electing members of the Board of Education. The largest three cities in Ohio—Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Toledo—now employ three different methods. The Cleveland plan is the election of a small board at large. The candidates are nominated by the different parties, and the names placed on the party ticket; a school director is also elected, who acts as business manager and chooses the superintendent, with the consent of the board. Toledo elects a small board at large. The members are nominated by petition, and elected on a separate school ticket. The superintendent and business manager are appointed by the board. Cincinnati uses the ward system. One member is elected, on a party ticket, from each ward. With few exceptions, the ward plan is in vogue in the cities of the State. Four important school bills have been introduced during the present session. These bills are in substantial agreement as to the size of the boards in village and township districts, but differ as to the city districts. A "city" is a corporation of over five thousand inhabitants. The contest is over the control of the city schools, involving the expenditure of large sums of money for

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salaries, text-books, and supplies, and the appointment of thousands of teachers and employees. The Treadway Bill is modeled on the existing Cleveland plan. The Smith Bill follows the Toledo plan, except that no provision is made for nomination by petition. The Harrison-Carr Bill is according to the Cincinnati plan. A peculiar feature of this bill is that it provides for village and township boards, consisting of five members, elected at large. City districts, however, are to elect one member from each ward and three at large, making the size identical with the City Council. In Toledo the board would consist of sixteen members. The Bassett Bill, introduced by a Toledo member, is identical with the Harrison-Carr Bill, except as to the provisions for city districts. This bill provides for the division of cities into four districts. One member is to be elected from each district, and three additional ones at large. It provides for nomination by petition, and election on a separate ticket. At the present writing a compromise bill of this sort seems likely to pass.

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The Nature of the Issue

It is the oft-repeated struggle between centralized government and individual responsibility on the one hand, and, on the other, decentralized government and diffused responsibility. The advocates of the ward plan declare that under it the schools are brought close to the people and are made immediately responsive to public sentiment; that the small board leads to one-man power, the board becoming a figurehead or auditing board, and merely ratifying the actions and policies of the superintendent. They also point to the increased cost of the Cleveland schools under the small board over those of Cincinnati under a ward board. George B. Cox, the Cincinnati boss, machine politicians generally, and the school-book "ring" are claimed among the advocates of the ward plan. The advocates of the small board, on the other hand, say that under the ward board system no one can be held personally responsible, and that there is more interference with the superintendent of schools on the part of the members of the board, who, being non-experts, and often actually ignorant of educational needs and methods, are apt to stand in the way of the best interests of the public schools; but that it is possible to elect intelligent and informed members to the school board when the board is small and the election is at large. They point out that though the expense of the schools in Cleveland may be heavier than it is in Cincinnati, the Cleveland schools are much superior, the adoption of manual training and of kindergartens being specific cases of advanced methods. There is no doubt that the advocates of the small board have the weight of intelligence and disinterested desire for the advancement of the schools on their side. The democratic arguments for the ward system are specious, and have been proved such time and again. The struggle is the same as that which has been going on in New York State, with the defenders of the schools on the one side, and the politicians who wish to use the schools for their own advantage on the other.

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The War in the East

The only important incident of active hostilities to be recorded is the attack by a Japanese squadron of seven vessels upon Vladivostok on Sunday of this week. As has been the case with the demonstrations against Port Arthur, the object seemed to be, not a formal and thorough bombardment or attempt to reduce the forts by a frontal assault, but rather to test the defenses, to discover the range of fire of the forts, and to threaten and hold in check the Russian vessels supposed to be in the port. Thus Admiral Togo's operations at Port Arthur have been described as aiming at the maximum of destruction with the minimum of exposure, and are marked by bold dashes and quick withdrawals. Apparently little actual harm was done by the attack of Sunday, although some reports state that four or five Russians were killed. The Russians wisely refused to reply to the Japanese fire, and thus balked the desire of the Japanese to discover the extent of the defenses. One

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significant indication of this attack is that the ice conditions as far north as Vladivostok now permit of active operations. It is increasingly evident that the Russian naval forces are "bottled up" or made ineffective by superior hostile forces, and that little is to be feared from them on the high seas by the Japanese. This supremacy of the seas gives Japan every opportunity for moving her troops by transport, and as the spring advances and the ice in the northern ports diminishes, this will be done with increasing vigor. It is said that 100,000 Japanese soldiers are being concentrated in the neighborhood of Pingyang, and for this purpose the port of Chinnampho is being used. Chinnampho is perhaps a hundred miles north of Chemulpho (the port belonging to Seoul, the capital of Korea), and the fact that it is now available for landing troops illustrates strikingly the advantage to Japan of her control of the sea.

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The Military Field of Operations

Such a close guard has been kept by the censors on the sending of despatches from Japan that the movements of the Japanese army are still known only in part and uncertainly. It seems clear, however, that the main armies of Japan and Russia are nearing each other slowly in the vicinity of the Yalu River valley. The Russians evidently hold Anting, on the north bank, in force, have some troops at Wiju, and have thrown out light skirmishing bodies to the south. The Japanese, on the other hand, are occupying Pingyang in force, and have outlying bodies of troops to the north. All the operations in the field are rendered slow by the absence of railroads, the wretched condition of the few highways, and the fact that northern Korea is extremely hilly. That these elements must be taken into account to understand the general strategy of the campaign is evident. For instance, reports that Japan has landed troops on the northeast coast of Korea at Wonsan, at Songching, and even as far north as Possiet Bay, have been interpreted by many papers to indicate an attempt to turn the left flank of the Russian central position on the Yalu River; but when the intervening mountains, the impassable roads, and the distances are considered, this seems so improbable as to make plausible the idea that these advance movements are part of a general design to advance far enough north to cut the Vladivostok branch of the Siberian Railway, and thus to invest one of Russia's two great ports by land while it is blockaded by a Japanese fleet at sea. Turning to the western portion of the general field of operations, we find a somewhat similar position. Port Arthur is invested by sea, and it is quite possible that the railroad leading from it to Mukden will be cut off by Japanese forces landed on the peninsula of which Port Arthur forms the extremity. A strong indication of this is the fact that there are continued rumors that the Russians will abandon Niuchuang, a railway center about half-way between the two places, and retire to Mukden. Equally plausible in this connection is the supposition that Japan has landed or will land forces at some point on the western coast of the Gulf of Liaotung, in order to cut the railroad between Peking and Niuchuang, and thus advance by this route to Mukden. The opinion grows that Russia will not precipitate a general engagement, but will hold the Japanese advance in check wherever possible, retiring, if necessary, slowly to Mukden and possibly in time to Harbin, all the while gathering strength as the successive detachments of troops reach the base of operations at Harbin from the Siberian Railroad. In this way, it is argued, Russia will in time accumulate such a mass of troops that she may first check absolutely the Japanese advance, and then inaugurate an irresistible advance of her own army. At present there are probably not more than 175,000 Russian troops west of Lake Baikal, but some 50,000 men a month, and perhaps more, are coming to the front as fast as the one single-track railway can move them.

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Political and International Phases

The election in Japan which has just taken place is of less political importance than usual, because under the present crisis, whatever political party

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names the members may enroll themselves under, the Government will have the hearty and unanimous support of the national legislature. The returns, however, indicate a nominal increase in the number of professedly independent members of the House of Representatives; the Constitutionalists have elected about one hundred and thirty-five members, the Progressives about one hundred, leaving the minor and unclassified parties in all about one hundred and fifty members. It is stated that urgency war measures will be introduced and carried unanimously.——The relations between Japan and the Korean Government appear to be entirely amicable, and the despatches from Tokyo assert that the Japanese troops are everywhere received with a cordial welcome. ——Japan has issued a reply to Russia's charge of treacherous conduct, asserting that her notification to Russia that Japan intended to take independent action to defend her position was, when taken with formal breaking off of diplomatic relations, equivalent to a declaration of war; that in point of fact the first shot in the war was fired by Russia; and, perhaps most important of all, that Russia's persistent aggression in the way of warlike preparations in the East was a warning necessarily interpreted as a threat which could not be disregarded.——The Russian officials and newspapers which charged that an American war vessel refused assistance to Russian sailors after the destruction of the Variag and Korietz at the battle of Chemulpho, and otherwise acted in an unfriendly manner, have frankly and fully withdrawn the charges, which had no foundation whatever.

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New Russian "Peasant Code"

Mr. von Plehve, the Russian Minister of the Interior, lately completed the first draft of the so-called "peasant code," a new body of legislation intended to carry into effect the wishes and promises of the Czar as set forth in the Imperial manifesto of March 11, 1903, concerning religious liberty and administrative reform. At the time when that manifesto was promulgated, The Outlook called attention to the fact that the reforms foreshadowed and partly outlined therein were little more than changes and modifications in the existing system of bureaucratic administration, and that in the decree itself there was little to indicate a serious purpose, on the part of those who framed it, "to furnish any real relief for the evils from which the Russian people are suffering." The draft of reform legislation which now appears, as the outcome of that manifesto, seems fully to justify all that we then said of it. It ignores entirely the evils pointed out by the local committees of the Agricultural Inquiry Commission of 1902–3, such as insufficient land, high and inequitable taxation of the peasants as a class, deprivation of legal rights enjoyed by other classes, oppressive bureaucratic control, inadequate educational facilities, restriction of the right to assemble for discussion and joint action, the passport system, the censorship of the press, etc., and confines itself almost wholly to such matters as "the definition of individual rights regarding communal lands," the "settlement of disputes between villages, and between peasants and neighboring landholders," and the "discovery of means to stimulate individual enterprise, bring about the adoption of modern farming methods, and instill in the peasants respect for the laws and rights of property." Where it touches questions of more vital importance it is distinctly conservative, if not reactionary, in tendency. It perpetuates, for example, the existing inequality between the peasant class and other classes, by decreeing that "the peasants must remain entirely separate, legally;" it declares that they must continue to live together in communes, or at least that the commune, as an organization, shall not be disturbed; it forbids the sale, by the peasants, of lands to which they are entitled and upon which they have made "redemption payments;" and it retains corporal punishment—or, in other words, flogging with whips—as a disciplinary measure applicable to peasants only. "Reforms" of this kind are merely bureaucratic remedies for bureaucratic evils, and will have little effect upon the economic condition of the class to which they specifically

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relate. The most urgent needs of the Russian peasant are education, freedom of movement and action, freedom from oppressive bureaucratic "regulation," immunity from degrading punishments to which men of other classes are not liable, equality before the law, and relief from a burden of taxation that is wholly beyond his strength. Give him these rights, privileges, and immunities, and he will take care of himself without guardians or nurses; but he never can or will prosper while he is bound to his commune, bound to his land, set apart as a member of an inferior class, deprived of legal rights that others enjoy, kept in ignorance despite his thirst for education, told what he must do and what he must not do, from the cradle to the grave, and threatened with the whip merely because he has happened to be born a peasant farmer. The Czar said, in his manifesto of March 11, that he was "firmly resolved to satisfy, immediately, needs of the State that had become fully ripe." If the "peasant code" drafted by Mr. von Plehve is the only satisfaction that the "needs" of the peasantry are to have, such needs would seem to have "ripened" in vain.

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The Dreyfus Appeal

Another chapter has been added to the extraordinary story of Captain Dreyfus, who was arrested ten years ago next October on the charge of having sold military secrets to a foreign power, was tried in secret, condemned to military degradation and to solitary confinement on the Ile du Diable, off the coast of French Guiana. His stripes were torn from him and his sword broken in public, and he was taken to the place of his exile in 1895, the evidence against him being a memorandum commonly known as the *bordereau*, unsigned and undated, the fragments of which were found in a waste-basket and pasted together and declared to be in his handwriting. A year later the similarity of that handwriting to that of Major Esterhazy led to an agitation which in 1898 induced the Minister of War to declare in the Chamber of Deputies that there were three documents not before the public which proved that Dreyfus was guilty. Two of these documents were subsequently shown by Commandant Picquart to be irrelevant and the third declared to be a forgery, and not long after Lieutenant Henry admitted forging this document and committed suicide. A new trial by court martial was ordered by the Court of Cassation in 1899, which brought in the verdict of guilty with extenuating circumstances. Members of the Court united in a recommendation to mercy, and President Loubet pardoned Dreyfus in September, 1899. This, however, did not stop the discussion, urged on by the growing belief that Dreyfus was innocent. Esterhazy, after dismissal from the army, declared in 1899 that he was the author of the *bordereau*. In response to an appeal from Captain Dreyfus, the French Minister of Justice appointed a Commission of Six, including three judges of the Court of Cassation and three officials from the Department of Justice, to examine the new evidence submitted in favor of Dreyfus, and to decide whether the decision of the second court martial should be referred to the Supreme Court of Appeals. The Commission reported unanimously in the affirmative, and the papers were sent to the Court of Cassation, by which the appeal was referred to the Criminal Section. It was shown before that tribunal that one of the secret documents exhibited to the Rennes court martial, an incriminating letter signed with the initial "D," had previously borne the initial "T;" a second letter exhibited before the court martial was signed "Alexandrine," and on the margin appeared some phrases in the handwriting of the forger and suicide Henry, the letter purporting to describe the manner in which French railroads would be organized in case of war. Testimony was adduced to show that this letter was a fabrication penned at the time when Dreyfus was in exile. On this evidence and other evidence not made public, the Criminal Section of the Court of Cassation has granted the appeal of Dreyfus for a revision of his trial before the court martial at Rennes, and the probabilities now are that within a short time his innocence will be estab-

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lished. Popular interest in the case is not dead, but there is no longer any popular excitement. The Attorney-General, M. Baudouin, declared that the evidence incriminating Dreyfus does not bear close scrutiny, and that the secret *dossier* about which so much has been said and to which so much importance has been attached contains "only miserable documents whose sole importance was due to the mystery with which they were shrewdly surrounded."

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English Politics English politics has seldom been in such a state of confusion as at present; and there is a widespread feeling of anxiety and humiliation in England because, while a war in the Far East is being waged with such possibility of complication, there is so little effective and far-sighted leadership in the Government. Fortunately, Lord Lansdowne, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is a man of cool head and cautious temper, lacking in brilliancy but likely to preserve a correct attitude and to keep his poise in case a panic should be caused by an untoward accident or incident. The King's speech was silent where the country had hoped for a clear definition of English policy. That policy cannot be definite or consistent at a time when such serious divisions exist within the Ministry. The note of uncertainty is heard on all sides, not only among the adherents of the Government, but among its opponents. The Ministry does not know what it wants, and therefore the Conservative party cannot be expected to have a clear mind. It is broken up into half a dozen groups, all bound together by the loosest ties, and likely at any moment to fly apart. The free-trade supporters of the Government have already detached themselves from it on what has become the most important issue before the English people. Those Conservatives or Unionists who go with Mr. Balfour to the length of retaliation but who are opposed to protective schedules are in a state of uncertainty because they do not know whether his policy or Mr. Chamberlain's policy is to prevail in the end. The protectionists among the Unionists are equally in the dark; they are ready to follow Mr. Chamberlain, but they do not yet know whether Mr. Chamberlain is to lead. In the country at large the same uncertainty and the same lines of division exist. It is true that the meetings at which Mr. Chamberlain has spoken have been largely attended and apparently enthusiastic; but a number of by-elections have gone against the Government, and no one knows as yet at what conclusion the English people are going to arrive in regard to the change of policy which Mr. Chamberlain is advocating. Sooner or later Mr. Balfour will be driven either to support Mr. Chamberlain or to cut loose from him. When that event happens, present appearances indicate a radical breaking up of the Unionist party. In the meantime the Liberals, although as a party bitterly opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, have not healed their own contentions and are not in a position to take advantage of the weakness of the Ministry. The situation is still further complicated by the growing antagonism to the Government of the Irish party and by the very serious division, unhealed and becoming more pronounced, on the educational question. The coming retirement of Sir William Vernon Harcourt will take out of English public life one of its most conspicuous and interesting figures, and make it easier to reunite the Liberal party under Lord Rosebery.

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Canon Ainger Close upon the death of Sir Leslie Stephen comes that of another distinguished Englishman of letters, Canon Ainger, known to many Americans, in the capacity of Master of the Temple in London, as a meditative and spiritual preacher, but known to the world at large as one of the most intelligent and sympathetic editors of Lamb; the earliest of the group who in recent years have done much to give the works of Lamb a wider currency. Dying in London at the age of sixty-six, Canon Ainger was not an old man, but his life was full of those things which make life best worth living. He was a scholar in the old-fashioned sense of the word, and a preacher who had the attention of

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perhaps the most cultivated audience in England. He had endeared himself to the great company of the blessed who have entered into the knowledge of Charles Lamb and are bound by the ties of genial fellowship with all who sit at the feet of "Elia." The biographer of Hood, Crabbe, and of Tennyson, an accomplished amateur in music, a preacher who spoke to the spirit rather than to the ear, and whose sermons had the charm of fine spiritual insight and delicate literary quality, Canon Ainger will best be remembered as a man who won the love of other men in an unusual degree, and who, in the long line of distinguished preachers in the Temple, will leave the impression of a rare personality. The "Athenæum" recently said of him that it was impossible to convey on paper the charm and fascination of that personality: "Grave, tender, *spirituel*, childlike, boyish, humorous, frolicsome, Puck, Ariel—such are some of the epithets or characters that come in turn into one's mind as one looks back over the familiar intercourse of more than forty years; but how to combine them into a picture that shall do him any sort of justice with those who do not know him, or shall satisfy those who did?"

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The Value of Medical Missions

Speaking recently on the subject of medical missions, Professor Rendel Harris, of Cambridge University, England, said that the medical missionary was coming more and more to the front because he seems to be the only one having complete access to all branches of the community in which he lived. In Asiatic Turkey, for instance,

> Kurd and Turk and Armenian are open to his influence in a way that the other missionaries might envy, and when the doors are shut to them they are open to him.

Professor Harris calls attention to the need of hospitals at Harput and at Bitlis as absolute necessities in the proper care of the people, and adds that hospitals are not as expensive in Turkey as in other countries, two or three thousand dollars being sufficient for starting such an institution. Apart from the salary of the missionary in charge, a hospital in Turkey, once established, has been in most instances practically self-supporting. Another tribute to the value of medical missions is found in the report of the Presbyterian work in Korea, a work having special significance at this time of storm and stress in that country. The first treaty ever made by Korea with a foreign nation was made with America (1882). A young American physician, Dr. H. N. Allen, felt the call to go to a country which was apparently emerging from heathenism, to find out whether his medical skill could keep him there and could perhaps open a path for the preaching missionary to follow. He went to Seoul, the Korean capital, and General Foote, the first American Minister to Korea, promptly made him physician to the Legation. No Korean could object to that. Thus was seized the first opportunity, says the report. A second came two years later, when the Presbyterian Board obtained sufficient funds to found a Protestant mission in Korea. Within a few months thereafter Seoul was distracted with insurrection. In it, Prince Miss Yong Ik, a near relative of the King, was terribly wounded and brought to death's door. Though General Foote and all the Europeans fled as soon as possible to Chemulpho, the port of Seoul, Dr. Allen did not. He wrote:

> We couldn't if we would and we wouldn't if we could. I came to do just such work. I can't leave these wounded people. . . . We shall live in the Legation with the old flag flying.

As Dr. Allen anticipated, he was summoned to attend the Prince, and withstood thirteen Korean so-called physicians who wished to pour their black wax into the gaping wounds. They looked on in wonderment while Dr. Allen sewed up the wounds and tied the arteries. A Chinese general was among the bystanders, and had the wit to engage Dr. Allen's services for twenty of his wounded soldiers who had been concerned in the riot. The surgical operations were in the main successful. Thus was opened a third wide door of opportunity. A fourth came when the King, influenced by Prince Min's recovery, proposed to establish a hospital to

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be conducted on principles of American and European science. Within a few months of its establishment a missionary reported "four to six operations every morning and about seventy dispensary patients in the afternoon." The value to civilization of the medical missionaries' work can hardly be overestimated.

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The Religious Education Association

It is clear that the Religious Education Association, organized a year ago, has come to stay. That is one of the most definite conclusions that can be drawn from the second annual Convention, which was held in Philadelphia on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of last week. The sudden but sturdy growth of this organization is one of the signs of the times. A year ago it was a well-devised plan, to day it is an active body of thinking and influential men and women. This fact can be explained in only one way: that there has existed for some time a sentiment, a conviction, a tendency, that needed organic expression. The phrase religious education embodies the two ideas, or rather two views of the same idea, for which the Association stands: the one, that moral and spiritual faith is not sound unless it is rationally cultivated; the other, that education is not complete unless it has a moral and spiritual basis. There are any number of agencies for the spread of religion; there are any number of agencies for the promotion of education. The double task of the Religious Education Association is to impart to the agencies for the spread of religion an educative impulse, and to impart to the agencies for the promotion of education a religious impulse. This is its task because this is the demand that is made upon it. To the Convention at Philadelphia there came, on the one hand, men active in churches, Sunday-schools, Christian Associations, Young People's Societies, and the like, seeking to learn in conference with others means by which, without abating the element of faith in their work, they might increase the element of knowledge and intelligence; on the other hand, there came men from colleges and universities, academies, and public schools, seeking to learn by conference means by which, without abating intellectual freedom in their work, they might increase the element of religious power and moral firmness. The Convention, therefore, was not a platform from which a faction laid down the law now to one group, now to another, but rather a meeting-place where men gathered who exchanged ideas to mutual advantage.

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Some Characteristics of the Convention

The very nature of the gathering insured to it certain characteristics. In the first place and preeminently, liberty of utterance. No man who spoke gave evidence of feeling any other restraints than those of courtesy and good sense. In the second place, there was the characteristic of concreteness. There were certain addresses, especially those in the large public meetings, which were planned as statements of general ideals and purposes, but even these were grouped under the subject of The Bible in Practical Life—a subject suggesting the specific rather than the vague; and besides, when men speak out of their experiences, as did the speakers in both the general and departmental meetings, they are likely to deal with facts. Another characteristic was the prevalence of the masculine element, not only in the participants in the Convention, but also in the tone of the addresses and discussions. There was no attempt to let pleasant illusion gloze reality and logic. What one speaker mentioned as a tone of despair was really a very hopeful facing of actual conditions. Perhaps the most fundamental characteristic of the Convention, however, though the least obtrusive, was its tone of earnestness and spiritual reverence—by no means a gloomy solemnity, for there was no lack of the sense of humor, but the kind of devout sanity with which men of the best type meet difficult questions. The Religious Education Association is confronted with serious obstacles. President Charles Cuthbert Hall, of Union Theological Seminary, who was elected President of the Association for the ensuing year, in his review of religious

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education of the past year well enumerated these inimical conditions. The restlessness of young minds discovering that some creedal definitions are at variance with science; the tendency of usages passively to resist any change; the tendency to underestimate religious education as a factor in preparation for citizenship; the existence of certain cherished methods of worship and instruction incompatible with sound education; the inadequacy of the ordinary views concerning the bearing of religion on citizenship and practical life. The fact that there are just such obstacles has called the Religious Education Association into being. That it will justify its existence by gradually surmounting these obstacles through the quiet and continuous work of its various departments is the promise of the Philadelphia Convention. Of the organization of this Association The Outlook gave an account in the issue for February 21, 1903. The General Secretary is Ira Landrith, LL.D., who may be addressed at the permanent office of the Association, 153 La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois, by any who wish detailed information.

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The Prevention of Tuberculosis

The Charity Organization Society of New York City has just published a "Handbook on the Prevention of Tuberculosis" which constitutes one of the most complete and thorough studies of this terrible disease and its prevention that have been published in this country. This handbook contains over three hundred pages, is handsomely printed and illustrated, includes historical, statistical, hygienic, and pathological papers by experts, and presents to the reader a valuable bibliography and a useful index. This very useful and commendable volume is the product of a "Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis," appointed by the Charity Organization Society in June, 1902. This Committee consists of the President of the Department of Health, the medical officer of the Department of Health, the Commissioner of Public Charities, the Commissioner of the Tenement-House Department—all of New York City; and of representative physicians who have made a specialty of tuberculosis, and other public-spirited men and women interested in the social aspects of tuberculosis. It has been the aim of this Committee to spread among the citizens of New York City a more general knowledge of the means and methods to be adopted for the prevention of tuberculosis; to make it understood that tuberculosis is a communicable, preventable, and curable disease; to co-ordinate such of the work of the various municipal departments as has a direct bearing on the prevention or cure of tuberculosis; and to serve as an organized body from which movements to provide hospitals, sanatoria, and dispensary facilities for sufferers from tuberculosis, popularly called consumption, may be initiated or given such indorsement as will command public confidence and approval. In carrying out its purpose the Committee has recently been able to secure the co-operation of some of the labor unions, and perhaps it may here find one of its chief activities in the future. Already the United Garment Workers of America have formed their committee on the prevention of tuberculosis in the tailor-shops of New York, and Typographical Union No. 6 is about to appoint a similar committee. The example thus set by these union workers may advantageously be followed by other unions in other cities in the country. The Outlook has from time to time called the attention of its readers to the profound importance of such special investigations and such practical action as have now been inaugurated through the Charity Organization Society. There are twenty thousand consumptives in the city of New York alone, and the number of annual deaths from this disease throughout the United States is appalling. The old-time notion that consumption was a hereditary scourge which must be endured with such fortitude as the sufferer and his friends could command is entirely disproved. Scientific investigation has proven that it is not only preventable but curable. We can think of no single work of public philanthropy which is of greater importance or of more widespread public benefit than such intelligent

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efforts to check the ravages of tuberculosis as are typified by this handbook of the Charity Organization Society.

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The Elizabethan "Twelfth Night"

Although the stage in New York during the present season has presented the usual number of cheap, tawdry, and vulgar plays, there are a number of theaters which have appealed to intelligent men and women. One of the most interesting experiments of the winter has been the presentation of "Twelfth Night" by Mr. Ben Greet's company, which became widely known throughout the United States by its interesting interpretation of the morality play, "Everyman," last season. This company has undertaken to present "Twelfth Night" as it was first acted early in 1601 at Middle Hall in London; in other words, to give it in the Elizabethan manner. It would be impossible to reproduce the conditions under which the play was presented in England in the seventeenth century without especially constructing a theater; but the Ben Greet Company have attempted to secure what may be called the Shakespearean atmosphere by securing as much of the Shakespearean conditions as a modern theater makes possible. They have tried "to exalt Shakespearean text above Shakespearean setting; to pursue a middle way between an antiquarian revival and the modern style of presenting a maximum of stage settings with a minimum of Shakespeare." Accordingly, they have presented the play staged so as to bring before the eye of the spectator the interior of Middle Hall; they have presented it in a continuous performance with an intermission of only five minutes, without orchestral music, but with a company of four musicians in a gallery, whose music was of a very simple and subordinate character. The presentation was at the other extreme from that which Sir Henry Irving furnishes, and the spectators realized how little the real interest of the drama depends on scenery or on music and how thoroughly it rests with the play and the interpretation of the play. The players did not rant, but they fell short of a perfect rendering of the Shakespearean text. The acting, although in two or three instances unusually good by reason of its simplicity and the directness of its interpretation, was by no means above reproach; but the experiment is an interesting one, and the popular attention which has been paid to it suggests not only that the public still cares for the best things, but that it is possible to present the best things without such an enormous expenditure upon accessories as to preclude the possibility of profit.

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Two Interesting Plays

An interesting contrast might be made between "Twelfth Night" as presented by Mr. Ben Greet's company and the two plays of George Bernard Shaw—"Candida" and "The Man of Destiny"—presented by Mr. Arnold Daly's company. What is chiefly significant about the latter plays is their appeal to the intelligence of the audience. The stage setting is of the slightest, and there is practically no plot in either play, the interest depending on the skill with which the dramatist has presented a striking situation, and the wit and insight of the dialogue. Neither play can be called convincing; like most literature from Irish hands, these plays do not carry one to a definite conclusion. It is the charm of the Irish that even when they do not arrive, they make the journey interesting and diverting. "Candida" is a wholesome play, presenting very clearly the contrast between the man who lives in sentiment and dreams and the man who lives in effective but external performance of duty. There is no real test of the woman who is the chief figure in the play; there is an appeal to her feelings, but none to her judgment. The play is carried by its animated and witty dialogue, and the spectator has a suspicion at the end that the satire which underlies the play includes every character in it and possibly the audience as well. The acting is notably intelligent and interpretative.

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Public Safety

Another frightful calamity calls attention to the very imperfect provision for public safety in this country. On Wednesday afternoon of last week the steel framework of the Darlington Hotel, an apartment-house in course of construction in New York City, suddenly fell in, carrying with it and burying under its ruins a number of workmen, crushing the dining-room of the apartment-house opposite and killing many persons and inflicting serious injuries on others. Twenty-one bodies have been taken so far from the ruins. The District Attorney is making a thorough investigation in order to fix the responsibility. Different explanations of the so-called accident have been published, none of which, however, appears to have any foundation except that of grossly inadequate construction, both in the matter of material and of work. It is the duty of the District Attorney to fasten the responsibility with the greatest definiteness upon individuals upon whom the full penalty of the law can be visited. Negligence or greed must have caused this calamity. In such cases fines are inadequate; public disgrace and a term of years in State's prison are the only adequate penalties. The Building Department of the city had served several notices on the contractors calling attention to the fact that the requirements of the Department had not been complied with, but no attention was paid to these warnings. In response to pertinent inquiries, the officials of the Department declare that they have no power to enforce their commands. If this is true, Mayor McClellan has another matter of pressing importance to take up for consideration and action.

The Mayor has not only taken prompt and apparently effective action to protect the public of New York which gathers in theaters, but he is also having a thorough inspection made of the churches, halls, schools, and other places where people congregate. This kind of inspection is in a way more important than the inspection of theaters, and it is needed in every part of the United States. There are a great many theaters in which the public safety is very inadequately provided for; which need rearrangement, more and better exits, non-inflammable scenery, asbestos curtains, and the presence of men who could take charge of a crowd in a panic and tell people what to do; but there are a great many more churches and halls and schools throughout the United States which would become death-traps in case of fire. The tragedy at Chicago was ample notice to the whole country, and any repetition of that tragedy, in any part of the United States, on any scale, would involve the gravest responsibility for all who have any care for or interest in the place in which the disaster should take place. Nowhere ought this responsibility to be more keenly felt, or, in case of disaster, more urgently pressed home, than in the case of schools. There are hundreds of school-houses which ought to be thoroughly rearranged with reference to the rapid escape of children in case of fire. The possibility of emptying school-houses ought not to depend, as it does very largely depend in many localities, on the control of the children by the teachers. That control is a great element of safety, and every prudent and capable principal will enforce it by practice. Such a principal will forestall danger by being ready for it; but school buildings should be so constructed that they can be emptied rapidly with a minimum of danger to children.

As much may be said of the churches, many of which embody the grossest architectural sins against safety. Fortunately, of late years, very few churches have burned during public services, but many have been burned at other times, and have been destroyed with frightful rapidity. Such structures are less inflammable than theaters, for obvious reasons, and a fire is likely to spread less rapidly, so that building authorities have fewer problems to solve in securing entire safety. For this reason there is no excuse for the neglect of every precaution in a church building. The country is full of halls where crowds continually congregate, which are death-

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traps of the worst possible kind. The most flimsy and inflammable frame buildings of this kind are to be found in small towns, into which people are often packed on the second floor, with a single exit, and that exit a narrow flight of stairs. The halls in country towns which are really safe are so few that they need hardly be taken into account. Yet these places are quite as much in danger from fire as any other places of public assembly; and, as a rule, being irregularly used, they are far less vigilantly watched. The prompt and efficient action of Mayor McClellan in New York City has set an example which all municipal and village authorities would do well to follow.

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Suffrage Limitations in the South

The amount of misinformation which is presented by Northern newspapers to Northern readers respecting the Southern States is extraordinary. A correspondent, for instance, sends us a clipping from what appears to be the Boston "Journal," saying that the grandfather's clause "leaves so large a discretionary authority in the solidly Democratic registration boards that a pretext can usually be found for shutting out a negro applicant, no matter what his qualifications may be."

It is incredible to us that a moderately intelligent editor should not know that the grandfather clause has expired by its own limitation in every Southern State except North Carolina, where it expires in 1908, and that it does not now, and never did, afford any opportunity for shutting out a negro applicant. It did afford an opportunity for admitting white applicants, but this it affords no longer, except in North Carolina.

In a similar fashion it was recently implied, if not expressly stated, in so well informed a journal as the Boston "Evening Transcript," that a negro could be excluded from the suffrage unless he could understand the Constitution. Such a provision existed in the temporary clause of the Virginia Constitution, but these clauses have already expired by their own limitation. In the other States which adopted the understanding clauses, no man was excluded from voting because he could not understand the Constitution, though he was allowed to vote if he could understand the Constitution. The clause was inserted, not for the purpose of excluding negroes who did not interpret the Constitution as the registrar did, but for the purpose of admitting white voters who could not read. It was a bad clause, but, except in the State of Mississippi, it is no longer an existing clause in any Southern Constitution.

By the permanent provision of the amended Constitutions any negro is entitled to vote in the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia, if he can read and write, owns three hundred dollars' worth of property, and has paid his poll tax, which in no case exceeds three dollars. The registrars are not given by the Constitution any discretion, except perhaps discretion in judging what degree of fluency is necessary to constitute reading, within the limits of the Constitution. If a negro can read, presents his tax receipt showing that he owns three hundred dollars' worth of taxable property, and has paid his poll tax, the registrars have no option under the Constitution except to register him.

It is said that the object of those who framed these provisions was to disfranchise the negro. In determining the value of a law we have nothing whatever to do with the motives of the lawmaker. A bad law is not made good because the motives of the lawmaker were good; a good law is not made bad because the motives of the lawmaker were bad. A law is to be judged, not by the motives of the men who framed it, but by its inherent character and its actual results. In point of fact, some of the men who carried through these amendments wished to disfranchise the negroes; others of them wished to disfranchise the illiterate and the thriftless negroes; but, whatever their motives, the amendments do in fact disfranchise only the ignorant and the thriftless negroes.

It is said that these Constitutions are

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not justly and equably enforced; that negroes who can read and write, who own three hundred dollars' worth of property, and who have paid their poll taxes, are refused registration. The remedy for this condition, if it exists, as in some sections it probably does exist, is not the repeal of the Constitution, but the just and equable enforcement of the Constitution. The remedy for the non-enforcement of a good law which registers the people's will is not the abolition of the law, but the enforcement of the law.

The measures to be taken for securing the just and equable enforcement of the Southern Constitutions are very simple. We do not say that these remedies can be easily applied; but they can be very simply discerned and defined. They are three in number, and are concurrent, not alternative or mutually exclusive, remedies. The first is, to apply to the State court for a writ of mandamus, requiring the registrars to register any negro who possesses the Constitutional qualifications. There is at present no reason for doubt that the courts would grant such a mandamus if it were properly applied for. It is not to be presumed that judges will refuse to enforce laws which the people have enacted. Northern journals and Northern orators who make this assumption are taking counsel of their prejudices. If, however, in any section the courts should refuse to enforce the provisions of the Constitution which the people have enacted, the remedy is the creation of a public opinion which will lead registrars to register negroes who, under the Constitution of the State, are entitled to be registered. Northern journals and Northern speakers can do nothing to promote such public opinion if they misrepresent the Constitutions which have been enacted and the people who have enacted them. If, on the other hand, they recognize the legitimacy of the action taken by the Southern States, and the value of the amended Constitutions which they have adopted, and appeal to them to enforce the laws which they themselves have framed, the appeal will not fall upon indifferent ears. If the State courts and public opinion in the State fail to secure the enforcement of the Constitution which the State has adopted, there remains for the Federal Government that political action which the Supreme Court has already indicated as the true remedy for political wrongs.

Whenever a Representative is elected to Congress by palpable fraud, Congress has the power of unseating him, annulling the election and ordering a new one. If ever in a Congressional district a man is returned to Congress, and it can be proved to the satisfaction of Congress that any considerable number of voters who were entitled to vote under the State Constitution have been deprived of that right, it is within the functions of Congress—nay, it is the duty of Congress—to unseat the fraudulently elected member and order a new election; and it is the duty of Congress to repeat this process so long as the frauds are repeated. We do not need to resort to the method of lessening the number of Representatives in Congress from Southern districts on the ground that voters are deprived of their Constitutional rights in those districts. Those districts can be debarred of all representation until they respect the Constitutional rights of their own constituencies. It would be a great mistake for Congress to resort to this remedy until the other two remedies had been tried.

If the other two remedies are tried in good faith, if the appeal is made to the courts and to the public opinion of the State, concurrently, for the enforcement of the Constitution which the State itself has enacted, if this is done without vituperation, without abuse, and especially without misrepresentation, it is highly probable that in no case would resort be necessary to the third remedy which we have pointed out above.

The temporary provisions of the six Southern States are justly subject to some criticism. It must, however, be remembered that they were adopted for the purpose of enabling individuals who already had the right to vote to retain it. The problem was to limit the suffrage ultimately to classes fitted to exercise it, without at the same time depriving of the suffrage those upon whose votes the enactment of the limitation depended.

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The permanent provisions of the Constitutions—and these alone are now in effect in any of the Southern States except North Carolina—are just and right provisions. Properly enforced, they are beneficent to the negro as well as to the white man. It would be well if Northern States were to follow the example which these Southern States have set to them, and were to attach similar limitations to the suffrage; and in all those States the negroes might well appoint a day of thanksgiving for the action which has made it impossible in the future for ignorant, shiftless, and corrupt negroes to misrepresent their race in political action.

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Unity in Ideals

It is curious to note how theological controversies of the past have been settled, not by the riding of one party over the other, nor by agreeing to disagree, but by the discovery, either that beneath the differences there is a real and vital unity, or that the differences are rather in emphasis than in conviction. There is no such hostility between Arminians and Calvinists as there was when a Congregational minister in New England refused to allow Dr. Buckley, then a young man just entering life, to speak on temperance in a Congregational church; none such between Episcopalians and Presbyterians as there was when a Scotch church disciplined one of its members, a stonemason, for helping to build an Episcopal church; none such between Baptists and Pedobaptists as there was when a good woman in Pennsylvania shut Dr. Alexander Campbell out in the darkness and the storm one night because he rejected infant baptism. And this is not because the Arminians have persuaded the Calvinists to abandon the doctrine of divine sovereignty, or the Calvinists have persuaded the Arminians to adopt it; not because the Presbyterians are inclined to adopt the bishopric, or Pedobaptists to abandon infant baptism. But both Arminians and Calvinists have come to the very sensible conclusion that human free-will is possible under divine sovereignty; the Presbyterians are willing that the Episcopalians should have bishops if they want them; and the Pedobaptists have learned that rejection of Pedobaptism is not synonymous with the rejection of religion.

Similarly, the Unitarian and Orthodox Congregationalists have been discovering a common basis. It is some thirty years, we believe, since the "Congregationalist," in a remarkable editorial, indicated that the battle of the past was over, and that these two bodies, both descended from a Puritan ancestry, were gradually coming together. The article created a very considerable sensation at the time, and elicited some indignant protests; but it seems to have been a prophecy written by some one who was able to see more deeply than his contemporaries beneath the superficial currents of the time. A sign that this prophecy is being fulfilled is the joint meeting of the Orthodox and Unitarian Clubs of Boston which was held on Washington's Birthday in Tremont Temple. The significance of the event was heightened by the fact that almost simultaneously exchanges had been arranged between Dr. Gordon (Orthodox) with Dr. Eells (Unitarian), and Dr. McKenzie (Orthodox) with Dr. De Normandie (Unitarian).

This joint meeting does not mean that either of the two ecclesiastical branches of the Congregational Church has surrendered its peculiar faith; it means that both have discovered beneath their diverging creeds a common faith, beneath their separated churches a common purpose. As the two separated stems of some great elm, seeming to the careless observer to be different trees, in reality proceed from one root, from which their differing growths have not separated, and in which, despite the seeming divergence of their stems, they are one; so Unitarian and Orthodox Congregationalists, proceeding from a common origin, are finding in that common origin a bond of union; they are learning that one life animates them; that they are different stems from one root. The Unitarian is not less a Unitarian, the Trinitarian is not less a Trinitarian, but both have discovered that, however they may differ in their opin-

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ions respecting the mystical and metaphysical relation of Jesus Christ to the Eternal and Invisible Father, both find in the character, life, and teachings of Jesus Christ the supremest revelation of the Father which human history affords us. However they may differ in their opinions respecting the origin of sin—whether they believe that man was made upright and fell in some prehistoric epoch, or believe that he is gradually emerging through a process of evolution from the animal state into a spiritual manhood—both are agreed in the belief that in the ideal of the Creator he is a partaker of the divine nature, a true son of God, and that in the actual conditions of the present he is far from realizing this ideal. However they may differ in their definition of the combined curative and educational process by which eventually that ideal is to be realized for him and in him, both are agreed in regarding it as a process at once human and divine. Those who fix their attention on the history of the process call it evolution; those who fix their attention on the nature of the efficient cause call it redemption: but both alike recognize that the kingdom of God is like a seed planted in the ground which groweth secretly, no man knoweth how, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.

This event, then, has more than a local or denominational significance. It is a sign of the times. It indicates, what is true in all denominations, that we are giving less attention to definitions and more to duties; less to an understanding of how God does his work, more to a study of the question how we are to do our work; less to the life that is to come and more to the life that now is; less to theology and more to sociology. Denominational traditions are different; and so long as churches were dominated by their traditions, they were divided. But Christian ideals are the same. And as we turn our thoughts from the past toward the future, from the denominational traditions to the Christian ideals, we find ourselves, to our surprise, seeking the same great ends, moving in the same essential direction, animated by the same dominating motive, and loyal to the same Master.

Lenten Thoughts

The True Prosperity

One of the greatest moral perils which prosperity brings in its train is absorption in external activities of every kind. When the tides of material energy are at the flood, hosts of men are swept from their spiritual moorings; not by gross temptations, but by the pressure of work and the cares which come with success. For there is nothing more exacting than success; a man pays for it to the uttermost.

The unsuccessful look at the successful and see only the influence, opportunities, and authority which follow fast on the steps of the prosperous man; they do not see the increased weight of responsibility, the added care, the hosts of claims on time and strength and means which spring up on all sides and cannot be evaded. The burden is always heavy; it is sometimes too great to be borne; for success has its tragedies no less than failure. A sudden and great popularity coming to a generous and kindly artist and writer a few years ago brought with it such a burden of correspondence and publicity, such demands upon time and sympathy, that it sapped the vitality of the kindly man who did not know how to protect himself from the invasion of the world.

Men cease to think of God because so many other things demand attention; they lose the vision of spiritual things because so many objects close at hand must be looked at and cared for. The most generous nature is often drained of the power of sympathy and the quality of helpfulness by sheer exhaustion; for he who gives himself so completely to material duties and work that the end of the day finds him a spent force has nothing left to give to higher interests and to more enduring work. The men who set out to make a fortune in order that they may live their lives as they choose, and put body and soul into their undertaking, often come face to face at the end, when the fortune has been made, with an empty life, a worn-out body, and a mind that has lost the power to enjoy.

In such a period of prosperity as that

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through which the country has been passing men are imperceptibly swept along by the current, and without being aware of the changes that are being wrought in their aims and habits. The power of attention is limited even in the strongest minds, and the heart cannot have many great and deep affections. A few months ago the noise of all kinds of traffic, the rush of every sort of activity, the turmoil of workmen in eager haste to cope with undertakings too great for their present strength, seemed to drown the voices of religion, of art, of the spiritual interests. A great and terrible sound of rushing feet seemed to fill the world and deafened those who were sensitive to the unspoken cries of their time. There seemed to be no longer any place for the quiet life, the ancient sweetness of devotion, the old-time pieties. The world had become so noisy that there seemed to be no places where the still, small voice could be heard; the world had grown so crowded that there seemed to be no longer any room for God in it.

Already, as the tide ebbs a little and the machines move less swiftly and the noise diminishes, the sensitive feel the change; the old hopes revive again; the old aims become clear once more; there is time to remember God, there is room for his coming again. We pray for prosperity, and God best answers our prayers by sending a frost of adversity on all the great tropical growths with which we have surrounded ourselves; for we think of our wants and he thinks of our needs; we care for our bodies and he cares for our spirits.

Thousands of prayers are heard and answered while men wait in vain for the coming of the things they have asked for. When a man prays for prosperity, ease, comfort, and success, he means that he craves the best things for himself. God answers the real, not the spoken, prayer, and sends the man the conditions which will give him, if he accepts them, the desire of his heart; and he does not know that what he really wanted has been sent. We often pray for purity, for unselfishness, for the highest qualities of character, and forget that these things cannot be given but must be earned. We pray for courage, and when God sends the great perils which inspire courage we do not recognize the answer to our prayer. We are continually asking for the strength and peace and power which can come only as the result of severe discipline and thorough education; and when God sends the means of this exacting training, we cry out that our prayers are unheeded and we are forgotten!

No sensible man undervalues the blessings of prosperity, but there are greater blessings in His hand who knows when to give and when to withhold, and who cares for us, not as earthly parents who rob their children of the highest happiness by sheltering them from all pain, but with the divine wisdom which looks beyond the little hour of time to the uncounted years of eternity. It is better to live than to be so absorbed in work that we cease to live; it is better to have fewer interests of the hand and more of the mind; it is better to have fewer ties that bind us to place and time and a wider freedom to enjoy God's world. Happy are they who live in the rush of the world with the dignity of immortal spirits, who take time enough for love and friendship and growth, and make room for Him in whom is man's only final prosperity.

❀

The Spectator

"He had such a pleasant, clever, gentlemanly face," said the lady. "And he wanted to be sociable. I should have liked to talk with him, but of course I couldn't, traveling alone."

"Will you please explain to me," said the Spectator, "what you mean? Not three minutes ago you were telling me of a most interesting and lengthy discourse you engaged upon with a fellow-traveler on the railway. This second gentleman you describe as more refined and better bred than the first. Why, pray, couldn't you talk to him?"

"Didn't I tell you I was on the parlor car? Properly speaking, you can't talk to your neighbors in a drawing-room car, can you? Of course you can do what you please in the coaches."

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"No, I didn't know all that," said the Spectator. "But then I am not a woman. I don't know a great many things."

"But you must see it would never do. It isn't expected. You'd make yourself observed. It wouldn't be *nice*. Women don't travel on drawing-room cars to be sociable—on the contrary, parlor cars are for state, presumably for privacy, and the comforts of luxury, not for a good time. I never enter one of the things if I can help it. I like to do as I choose and talk to whom I please when I travel. When I am alone, I really feel safer in the coaches. In some ways a woman is much more protected there."

"I should have supposed exactly the contrary," said the Spectator. "I always insist on my women folk using the parlor cars when traveling alone."

"You may be right," said the lady, "but, as I said, I am more comfortable in the coach."

All this was a new view of the drawing-room car to the Spectator, and this conversation set him to thinking seriously of some things and to recalling some other things, and it was partly due to an awakening perception that he spent a very unhappy quarter of an hour on a parlor car only a few days later.

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The Spectator was in the parlor car solely for the purpose of getting something to eat, for he too has rather a fondness for the good company of coach traveling, though he had never before exactly analyzed why it was he found "second-class" traveling so much more agreeable than "first-class." On this occasion the Spectator had ordered his dinner and was sitting comfortably reading his newspaper when the porter brought in the customary little adjustable table and desired him to wheel his chair about, that the table might be set in place. To this same end the chair which was opposite the Spectator had also to be whirled about, thus bringing face to face with the Spectator a lady whose back had been turned to him until that moment. She also was reading, and continued to read almost as she was whirled, so absorbed was she in her magazine. She was young and pretty, with quite a charming face, clever, pleasant, and very ladylike in general appearance.

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The Spectator was not too absorbed in his journal to take in all these details, though he was careful not to look too intrusively across the narrow board. "I am sorry that you should be disturbed," he had said when the porter whirled the young lady, and she had glanced up and smiled and bowed in that final and perfunctory kind of way with which a wise young woman accepts passing civilities from a stranger. All of which was just as it should be. Then the porter brought in the dishes for the meal, and the Spectator sat looking aghast at *two* plates, *two* knives, *two* forks—in a word, at the narrow table set tête-à-tête. The provisions swiftly followed. Not as double orders—not quite so bad as that; but with the usual little separate dishes crowded around the two set places. What would you have done had you been the Spectator? He himself had no objection in the world to offer to the tête-à-tête meal, but had he objected, was he in any position to protest? That was surely the lady's privilege, and she was still behind her magazine. What was she going to say when she came out from her shelter? That was the question. Cold chills of anticipatory mortification ran down the Spectator's back. Would she summon the minion to take away her order? The Spectator, with some experiences of parlor-car minions, hardly thought she would. What could she do? The porter knew as well as the Spectator knew it that these two orders were not for passengers in one party. What the man had done was deliberate enough, though he seemed wholly unconscious of the liberty he had taken. To him it was a mere exigency of travel, and very evidently a common one. But the Spectator had never before been its victim.

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Word for word his recent conversation with his friend was recurring to the Spectator. "It wouldn't be—*nice*," she had stated, whatever that meant, to chat with strangers in a drawing-room car. In his friend's taste and discretion on matters feminine the Spectator had en-

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tire confidence. This young person opposite, with whom it seemed the Spectator was ordained to dine—how intimate that function seemed!—was, beyond any doubt whatever, "nice." Her whole bearing proved it. Ergo, there would be no speech possible between us as we ate; and how the Spectator, who is a modest and sufficiently civil person, and yet has some humor, was to go through a whole meal eaten with a companion at such close quarters and in total silence was a pretty serious question to him.

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The moment came. The porter touched the reading lady on the arm.

"Yo' dinner is here, Miss," he said, and the magazine fell.

The Spectator cannot remember a more uncomfortable moment. He had done no wrong, and yet he masticated his beefsteak with a sense of deep guilt and an effort to appear innocent, which was, as he was well aware, an ignominious failure. The lady cast down one look of dismayed astonishment at the spread table, and then—yes, she was plainly a well-bred, kind-hearted girl—she cast one tiny, fleeting glance at the Spectator and immediately addressed herself to the food before her. For a full five minutes this ridiculous proceeding went on. The Spectator's dishes were inexplicably confused with his neighbor's, but what was not in easy range of his hand he went without. His butter was his most grievous loss, anchored between the tomato and potato dishes of his vis-à-vis. Sooner than disentangle it the Spectator ate dry bread—which he hates.

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But it was this heroic sacrifice on the part of the Spectator that saved the day. The young lady had cast several troubled glances toward the Spectator's butter. She had her own butter safely corralled, and at last, bless her kind young heart! she picked up the little truant plate and held it delicately across the board toward the Spectator. "I think—this is yours," she said, in such a nice, hesitating way. The Spectator looked up and thanked her very gravely. She looked as gravely at the Spectator, and then—they both burst into irrepressible, prolonged laughter. It may not have been *nice*. The Spectator has no theories on the subject and wishes to create no precedent; he only knows that he had then, as he has now, the highest regard for that young girl's common sense and the liveliest sense of gratitude for one of the pleasantest little dinners he ever attended. The company was agreeable—more than agreeable, intelligent, good-tempered, and charmingly graceful. In fact, the whole episode might have served as the opening of a love-story novel. As it was, it seemed a great waste of opportunity. For the remainder of the too short journey the Spectator acted as attendant for his dinner companion, who was traveling alone, and flattered himself that he was able to make her trip more comfortable and agreeable to her than it might otherwise have been.

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It is still a pleasant little memory to him—the graciousness and dignity of that young lady; but now and then, even as he was enjoying the experience of meeting a stranger so cultivated, so well-bred, so wise in the worldly wisdom of knowing just what to do and exactly how to do it, the Spectator was thinking to himself how few young girls there were of his acquaintance who possessed, or naturally would possess, just this poise and presence.

As the terminus was reached the Spectator watched his fair companion—whose name remained a mystery to him—walk on her way down the platform, and then he turned to the conductor of the train.

"Where is your complaint office?" asked the Spectator, sternly; and when he had penetrated to that sanctum, his first statement was:

"I have a young daughter who travels alone frequently on your line, and I want to make it clearly understood to you that until you offer proper accommodations for ladies and some privacy on your drawing-room cars, I shall see that my daughter travels with a lunch-basket and in the protection and safety of the common coach."

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Why Russia Has Gone Eastward

By Louis E. Van Norman

ONE hot day in August, three hundred and eighteen years ago, a Tartar freebooter, searching for grass for his horse along the banks of the river Irtish, saw in the shallows the corpse of a warrior, clad in a rich coat of mail with a golden eagle on its breast. He bore it to the captain of the nearest military post, and then found that it was the body of the famous and terrible "ataman," Yermak, the Volga robber and pirate, who became the founder of Russia's Asiatic empire, the man who first crossed the Urals to take Siberia, who first saw the potential destiny of the Slav race and led it out on its great eastern exodus.

Russia is the "biggest fact" (after the United States) with which the Europe of to-day has to reckon, and that fact is becoming more momentous every year. Russia is the only country in moribund old Europe that is growing and expanding. If ever the word "coming" could be justly applied to a country, it can be so applied to Russia. Every European chancellery fears the designs of St. Petersburg, because, although no one knows just what Russia is doing, it is certain that she has, as her ultimate, relentless aim, the domination of Asia, and, through this, the overlordship of the world. Irresistible as a glacier, she moves slowly but surely, every year a little more powerful, now baffled, retiring for a little, now advancing, moving along the lines of least resistance, like water turned back at one point, at last inevitably finding its level. As an autocracy, she can do things impossible for a republic. There is no parliament to wait on; no congress whose constituents must be satisfied. The pen of the Foreign Minister in St. Petersburg steadily makes an empire.

Russia is the only country that ever expanded eastward, and she did so only because she was effectually blocked from going farther west. For years Peter the Great sought to obtain "a window open toward Europe," but Europe kept him back with the strength of desperation. Russia will yet have her window. On ground torn from Sweden, the imperial city of Peter looks with steady, relentless eyes over Scandinavia to an ice-free port on the coast of Norway, and smooths out the way by swallowing and digesting the Finns. She has not forgotten the wonderful city of Constantine in the south. But for the combined might of the West, long ago the Russian eagles would have floated from the mosques of the Golden Horn. But, in the words of a Russian diplomat, "When a pear is ready and ripe, it falls of its own accord. Why spend energy in attempting to hasten the inevitable?"

Temporarily turned back on the west, the Muscovite went eastward and found his destiny, in accordance with that blind ethnic impulse which makes him kin to the Oriental peoples. "After all," confessed the editor of one of the great dailies of the Russian capital, "after all, we Russians are more than half a yellow people ourselves. That is one secret of our success with the Asiatics."

The story of Russian expansion is one of the most wonderful in the history of nations. The long march of the Russian from the Urals towards the rising sun is even more soul-stirring and full of romance than the American pilgrimage to the setting sun; more wonderful, perhaps, because it was made before the advent of steam and the telegraph.

It would not be easy to condense the history of any western European nation into a paragraph. But with Russia it is not so difficult. The centuries of Mongol domination, of Norman ascendency, and those of subjection to the petty princelets and Grand Dukes of Moscovy, seem blind, but they prepared the people for their mission. From the days of Peter, when the peasant soldiers fell over their long cloaks in battle with the Swedes, and were driven back with the knouts of their king to whip their

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conquerors, to the humbling of China, the defiance of combined Europe, and the "bagging" of Manchuria, it is but two hundred years.

All over Russia is stamped a purpose. One sees it the first hour over the frontier. It is a purpose to conquer nature and to build up a powerful and homogeneous people.

In the Russia of to-day, vast and amœba-like as she yet is, two powerful influences are at work. These are the country estate, and the railroad—the one representing the old order, the uncouth, protoplasmic Russia of the centuries gone; the other standing for progress, and slowly but inevitably binding the Empire of the Czar to the world and life of our day. There are, in fact, two distinct Russias—the Russia of the estate and the Russia of the towns, which means the Russia of the railroad and its influences. The tourist rarely sees the Russia of the estates. The Russian is not proud of being an agriculturist, and very seldom refers to his country place. Perhaps he does not care to acknowledge how hard he has to work, or to admit the difficulties with which he has to contend. A whole chapter can be read out of the fact that the Russian word for the labor of the farmer, especially during harvest, is *strada*—from the verb *stradat*, to suffer pain or anguish.

Life on a country estate is still patriarchal, the form of life so deeply implanted in all the original Slav and Turanian races. The large estate was, and still continues to be, in certain sections of the Empire, a world in itself. Its immense size is only equaled by its almost pitiful isolation.

Near the borders of Courland I visited an estate of seventy thousand acres, the next house being twenty miles away, and the house in question thirty-eight miles from the railroad. The aristocratic, feudal idea and régime cannot but obtain under such conditions. Much of modern comfort—indeed, a surprising amount—is to be found on this place, but the life of to-day touches it at but very few points and at very wide intervals. Contentment with more or less primitive methods (because no others are accessible), falling into the ruts of tradition and the stereotyped way of doing things, virtual imprisonment afar from the restless, curious, inventive life of the rest of the world, opposition to material progress, which, while depriving it of some of its ancient privileges, confers no adequate return—because not ready to receive it—this life must needs become stereotyped. It is so difficult to travel that provincialism in life and thought is inevitable.

The man is absolute master; the woman, the obedient vassal. The man is the autocrat of his estate. He governs well, because he loves his family. Why, say the Russians, should not the Great White Czar, who loves his subjects, be absolute master of the empire, and of the whole world, in time? Thus autocracy has become grounded in the constitution of the people. It was not originally so. Perhaps it may not always be so.

The railroad comes along and upsets all this. Originally a military necessity, it is fast becoming the artery of trade. It brings the latest invention; it makes travel easy; it broadens the view. The estate uses the railroad to send its surplus to market, and the estate people must be up to date in general, because of the stern rivalry of life which is now brought to their very doors. New social problems based on hitherto unimagined congestion of population come up; military operations are made easier; the telegraph tells what the rest of the world is doing and saying, to a simple folk who scarcely knew of the existence of a world outside of the estate.

Conceived and brought forth in the heart of a continent, surrounded on every side by other and generally hostile States, the age-long struggle of the Russian Empire has been to secure an outlet and water-front. It is that for which she is now fighting Japan. Shut out from the possibility of this in Europe, she is now actually carrying it out in Asia. Vladivostok, literally "the Dominator of the East," is the extreme monument-stone of the tremendous migration, the epic of which will have for its heroes the pioneer chieftain Yermak and the great Muravieff. These two names

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sum up the history of the Russian conquest of Siberia. The father of the great Minister of Foreign Affairs added the magnificent realm of Northern Manchuria to the dominions of the Czar, and his name will stand in Russian annals with those of the adventurer Yermak and the Czar Peter.

It was Saturday night at seven, and one of the most disagreeable nights of one of the most disagreeable months in the year in Moscow—cold, bleak, damp, the rawness finding its way to your very marrow. Nothing but heavy furs will keep out that chill. The winds from the Siberian plains, unbroken in their mad race of six or seven thousand miles—for the Urals are only hills, and Europe scarcely knows when she touches Asia—came tearing over the spires and domes of this most Russian of Russian cities. It was cold, that gray, dead cold that one experiences, perhaps, only in Russia. And yet things were not frozen up. The winds are damp enough to leave mud in the roads. I stood on the platform of the great and spacious Kurski station, watching the famous Trans-Siberian express leave on its regular weekly trip for Omsk, Tomsk, and the Far East. A detachment of big, bronzed Circassians, in their gray cloaks, their picturesque regalia of cartridges, and the high white cap of sheep fleece, stood motionless at "present," waiting for the order to board the train. I did not know it then, but this very detachment was to help "turn over" Manchuria to the Czar's domain. A busy, important little man ran along, ringing a bell, and the detachment began to move toward the cars. A tall, thin, boyish fellow, with a great hooked nose, wavered a moment. But even Russian discipline was not proof against the temptation which faced him. He literally hurled himself on a little woman who stood near, nervously fingering her sirdak. "Matka," was all I heard, and it did not take a very wide acquaintance with Russian to grasp the story. In a brief space they separated, and the soldier joined his command. The train slowly steamed out of the station, and, as if by instinct, I felt in my pocket for the ticket to the opera that evening—Glinka's "A Life for the Czar." It is the patient, hard-working, long-suffering, self-sacrificing Russian peasant and soldier, the man who never asks why, but does and dies, who has made the Empire. Russia has never been distinguished for great leaders. Her people, her common people, have gone out and taken possession of the land.

The opera began late on the evening of which I have spoken, so I accepted the invitation of a Russian friend of mine to attend the meeting of a literary society. We walked to our destination—a rather unusual proceeding in Russia. The streets were almost deserted. The oil lamps blinked and spluttered. The isvostchik, who usually sits stolidly on his box, could not bear the searching blast, and walked up and down, vigorously beating his arms to warm them.

In its comfortable quarters the literary society was holding its quarterly meeting. It was a cosmopolitan gathering this night. Prosperous Russian merchants, sallow-faced students, long-haired Orthodox priests, elegantly dressed ladies, members of the diplomatic corps—every class was represented. Being a stranger, I sat off modestly in one corner, and my friend, who had introduced me, made himself agreeable to his numerous acquaintances.

The exercises proceeded. Some one—a student of the University of Moscow—was reading a lengthy paper in French (so that all might understand) on Russian literature. He was saying: "Russia has now many writers, but not one of them can touch Tolstoy. He is the glory of Russia." There was a slight commotion at the door. A big, heavily built man, dressed in homespun like a moujik, his boots dirty with the mud of the streets, his big arms hanging loosely at his sides, with a wide nose, thick lips, and small gray eyes on a peasant face, a head set on bulky but slightly stooping shoulders, and a matted gray-white beard—but an indescribable air of power about him—stalked into the room. The "glory of Russia" in person! He looked about him, shook his head like a lion his mane, and steered directly for the sofa upon which I was sitting. He actually sat down beside me and remarked in a

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pleasant voice, in French, "Good-evening." I gasped. Dare I venture a remark as to the philosophy of "War and Peace" or "The Kreutzer Sonata"? Shades of "Anna Karénina" and "The Resurrection" chased themselves through my consciousness. A strong, resonant voice broke in upon my meditation, and Count Lyoff Tolstoy, of Yasnai Poliana and the world, one of the only two men in Russia with whom the Imperial Government never interferes, remarked, in perfect, idiomatic English, "This is a very disagreeable month in Russia. I wanted to take a bicycle ride to-day, but the weather prevented. Do you ride a wheel?" Half-stunned, I murmured a scarcely intelligible reply. The clear, pleasant voice continued: "I admire the bicycle, but, really, I consider chopping wood better exercise. Don't you think so?"

Shades of Ivan the Terrible and Marshal Suwaroff! Here was the "glory of Russia"—well preserved despite his seventy years—with, by the way, the sentence of excommunication just broken over his head—attired as a moujik, deliberately discussing such mundane affairs as the bicycle, while I, who had come seven thousand miles to see him, gasped and hunted vainly for something to say that would make him divulge some grand precept of philosophy, some world-reforming sociological tenet. Finally I managed to make a remark about his books and plans. He waved off the subject deprecatingly. He said that he was not a great writer, nor a great reformer. "Some day," he declared positively, "some day, some one will come along—perhaps a little woman—and write a Russian 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and then all the abuse and oppression will go."

Perhaps it will. Prince Peter Kropotkin, the Socialist-Anarchist of royal blood, believes that the Russian people are even now ready for a republic. In the widespread social and political disturbances of the past few years he sees the end of absolutism, even the regeneration of the Orthodox Church, with its petrified ritual. It may be so. The Church itself is beginning to feel the touch of progress. Let me show you another picture.

One beautiful morning in September I drove up to the Nicolai railroad station in Moscow. It was very near train time, and I became somewhat impatient when the droshky stopped nearly a block from the station. A great crowd was surging about the building. Presently a cordon of gendarmes formed at the entrance, and gradually spread out, forming a lane or road from the building to the other side of the street.

"What is it?" I asked a military officer near by.

"*Père Jean vient*," he answered, as though surprised at my question. "*Il est toujours comme ça.*"

In a few moments a spare little man in the garb of the Russian Church, with gray hair and beard, but having a singularly beautiful face, with clear pink skin, came out of the station and walked quickly through the gendarmes to the carriage which was waiting for him.

The crowd was literally on its tiptoes and surging forward persistently. An elegantly appointed carriage forced its way through the crush, and a richly dressed lady, evidently of exalted rank, alighted. The police made way respectfully. On foot she proceeded to the carriage in which sat the little cleric. She seized his hand, and kissed it reverently. He leaned over, spread his hands above her head, and blessed her. Then he turned and said something to the police. Immediately a commotion arose in the crowd. One by one they were permitted to approach the carriage and kiss his hand. After the lady came two dirty moujiks, one still holding the pick with which he had been working on the railroad. The little priest in the carriage pulled out from a bag a bundle of what looked like yellow paper, and began to hand out bits of it rapidly to the crowd. I jumped out of the droshky and pressed closer. He was giving out three-ruble notes so quickly that I could not keep count of them. I found myself again near the polite military officer, and he volunteered further explanations.

"Father John has been called to Moscow," he said, "to pray for the Princess A——[naming a lady high in aristocratic circles], who is ill. She has sent him a sum of money—probably three or four

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hundred rubles—for his work, and you see how he is using it."

John Ilyitch Sergieff, of the Cathedral of St. Andrew's, Cronstadt, the man whom all Russia believes in and loves, is the general almoner of the Empire. When a rich man wants to give money for a benevolent or charitable object, and does not know just how or where to bestow it, he gives it unreservedly and absolutely to the little priest, who distributes it wisely and with scrupulous unselfishness. Millions of rubles pass through his hands every year; yet he is a poor man. He lives humbly, and even denies himself many of what we might call the necessities of life. Boats and trains in which he journeys are so besieged by crowds that he has to ask police aid in getting to his destination. When he comes to St. Petersburg, the news spreads like wildfire, and the crowds run madly to get near his presence, to receive his blessing, or to beg his attendance on sick relatives or friends. His power in prayer is believed in all over Russia, and many instances of answers to prayer, resulting in the cure of sick persons, are cited. Many of the cures are almost incredible.

If the Orthodox Church can produce more men of this stamp, has it not grasped the meaning of the present, and taken hold of the future?

The country estate and the railroad in Russia are coming together. The latter is bringing the former to the world of to-day. The railroad has already taken the Russian flag from the Neva to the Yellow Sea, and it will not stop there. The Russian believes in his mission, and holds that to be the possession or control of all Asia. If his diplomacy is more subtle and less scrupulous than that of other nations, his large ambitions are natural, and, in a certain sense, legitimate. One may doubt whether their scale is not too colossal for the welfare of the world. But it is quite certain that the Russian eagle will not be fully satisfied until he sweeps the entire Pacific coast of Asia.

A Practical Reformer

By Slason Thompson

WHEN the late John H. Hamline was asked why he accepted a place on the first Civil Service Commission ever named in Chicago, tendered him by a Mayor notoriously hostile to the merit system, he replied: "When I am going anywhere, I don't wait for a star; I hitch my cart to anything going my way."

And he got on board the cart which Mayor Hopkins had cunningly built to dump both the reform and the reformer, and succeeded in making it a vehicle which helped to bear both on toward the passage of the best civil service statute so far enacted for the deliverance of an American city from the spoils system. There was no salary connected with that appointment, but there was an opportunity to fight for merit as the rule for the reorganization of the police force of Chicago; and, next to doing his full civic duty, John H. Hamline loved a fight at close quarters.

Outside observers of municipal reform in Chicago have been wont to reckon its initiation from the inauguration of the Municipal Voters' League, nine years ago. But the real genesis of the movement for its emancipation from the grip of "graft" and "boodle" in the City Council dates back to the election of Mr. Hamline as Alderman from the old Third Ward, in the spring of 1887, if not to the explosion of the Anarchist bomb in Haymarket Square the year before. Although he was only thirty years old at that time, Mr. Hamline had already achieved a marked success at the bar, and was a force to be reckoned with on all questions affecting the public interest. He was a stalwart Republican, and through his twenty years of active work as a local reformer he never balked from associating with and supporting in National politics the men whose pernicious activity in local affairs made the road to reform difficult and

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discouraging. This course, however inexplicable to reformers who dream on and do nothing, eventually enabled Mr. Hamline to accomplish more for Chicago than many of his contemporaries who, in the crucial hour, drew the drapery of their dreams about them and lay down to fresh dreams of lifting Chicago out of the mire with the dulcet strains of strenuous resolutions. So straight and true did he steer his course that reformers and machine politicians gathered at his funeral recently to pay their common tribute of respect to a man who never betrayed a friend or fouled an adversary.

John H. Hamline had no sooner set foot in the City Council than he locked horns with the boodle gang then in control of its majority, and the word went forth that he was to be suppressed. The opportunity to attempt this was not long deferred in a body whose principal business then was the granting of special municipal privileges on the payment of a *quid pro quo* to the leaders of the Council and not to the city treasury. An elevated railway ordinance afforded it. Mr. Hamline, among other amendments not acceptable to the elevated company or its friends in the Council, moved that it pay two per cent. per annum of its gross receipts for the first two years and thereafter five per cent. to the city, and proceeded to address the Chair in favor of his amendment. The Chair, however, was occupied temporarily by an Alderman who has since been characterized as a "gray wolf," and he started to hammer Mr. Hamline off the floor with his gavel. But the latter held his ground until, in a lull in the tumult, he was able to make himself heard to this effect: "The strength and nature of the influences behind this ordinance can be judged from the fact that they are able to insure its passage by electing as temporary Chairman to-night a man notorious as boodler-in-chief of this body." Then, with Mr. Hamline still speaking, the boodler Chairman recognized the motion of a fellow-boodler to lay the amendment on the table, and declared the motion carried.

The amendment offered by Mr. Hamline at that time was the first of a series of efforts to secure for the city a share in moneys derived by private companies from the use of city property. Before he was gerrymandered out of the Council by a reapportionment that threw the Third Ward in with the Second, in which the "gray wolf" element then held undisputed sway, Mr. Hamline introduced and came within one vote of securing the passage of an ordinance to reform the civil service. This was in 1889, and from that day the fight for reform was never permitted to flag until the victory was finally won from a reluctant Legislature and a recalcitrant Governor.

How this was accomplished is the story of how a small band of practical reformers wrung from a spoils-ridden Legislature a merit law of unprecedented excellence. Mr. Hamline was President of the Union League Club of Chicago at that time (1895), and he, in company with Edgar A. Bancroft, a devoted advocate of the merit system, and the writer, then editor of the Chicago "Evening Journal," composed a select trio of skirmishers inside the larger committee headed by Lyman J. Gage, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, and the late John W. Ela, which went to Springfield on behalf of the reform bill. This was drawn by Mr. Hamline and Mr. Ela, and they had incorporated in it every good point they could gather from National and State enactments on the subject, reinforced by their experience on the commission appointed by Mayor Hopkins above referred to. Arrived at Springfield, the larger committee did all the public talking and held innumerable conferences with the committees of the House and Senate, while we three skirmishers mixed with the Senators and Representatives and held nightly councils with the late John R. Tanner, subsequently Governor and then Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, and other leaders of the party in control at the State Capitol. And here I might bear witness to the fact that, though an unwilling recruit to the cause of Civil Service Reform, without his counsel and assistance the statute of 1895 would never have got beyond its introductory stage. Senator "Hank" Evans, who had no more

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use for Civil Service Reform than Mr. Tanner for the skim milk to which he said it would reduce political patronage, was also a friend in the hour when the bill needed friends who controlled votes.

It came to a point where a few votes in both houses controlled by a Republican leader in Chicago were necessary to the passage of the bill. That leader was seeking re-election to the Council, and the reform element in his ward, backed by the newspapers of his own party, were exposing his record with a vigor that promised his overwhelming defeat and disgrace. The intimation was conveyed to Hamline and the writer that the only way to get the necessary votes of the Chicago legislators for the reform bill was to call off the fight on their boss and permit his re-election. We could not promise that the fight in his ward would be abandoned, but it was decided that the writer should return to Chicago and see the editor of the "Tribune," and if it would join the "Journal" in abandoning the fight on the boss, the necessary votes would be forthcoming from his henchmen in the Legislature. Mr. Robert M. Patterson, managing editor of the "Tribune," was seen and his approval of the programme secured, the fierce attacks on the Council leader in the "Tribune" and "Journal" were silenced, the votes we needed were delivered, Mr. Tanner and Senator Evans kept faith and swallowed their medicine like true men, and the bill was passed, with only one compromise embodied in it—that which provided an interim of "not less than forty nor more than ninety days" between the taking effect of the act and the appointment of the commissioners under it. The Egyptians of both parties in the Legislature were the readier to let the bill go through without serious change because they were confident that the more stringent its provisions the more certain would be its rejection by the popular vote. As another condition, the Republican Egyptians secured a promise from the Republicans among the reformers that they would give active support to George B. Swift, the Republican candidate for Mayor, and we willingly promised him 50,000 votes. The act was passed March 20, barely in time to permit of its being submitted to the voters at the ensuing mayoralty election, which that year fell on April 2.

Before Governor Altgeld would sign the bill he exacted from its advocates a round robin, signed by a majority of the Senate and House, that the Legislature would forthwith pass an amendment to Section 8, relating to salaries and expenses. The amendment was of little consequence, but the exaction of a signed promise to pass it nearly brought all our labors to naught. We had more difficulty in overcoming the indignation of the Republican leaders than in getting them to vote for the original bill. We finally persuaded them that without our active support Swift would be defeated, and, to Governor Altgeld's disappointment, they furnished us with the round robin, and the bill, with its emergency clause, was signed.

With not a single day to spare, we returned to Chicago and took off our coats for the twelve-day campaign for the popular vote on the bill. Mr. Hamline not only took off his coat but closed his desk and rolled up his sleeves to fight with greater freedom for what he regarded as the sole hope for the regeneration of Chicago. Merit reform meetings were held in every quarter of the city. We devoted especial pains to convincing the patrolmen that the measure was not intended to legislate them out of their places, but to emancipate them from the tyranny of spoils and pull. We turned the station-houses into camps for the proselyting of the police. The politicians stood aloof sneering at our enthusiasm, and confident to the last that we were a lot of poor, deluded fanatics. When the votes were counted, Mayor Swift was elected by a plurality of 40,759, while the new civil service law was adopted by a majority of 49,985.

John H. Hamline had more to do in securing the passage of that law and its adoption by that splendid popular majority than any other man in the State of Illinois. And yet on the death of John W. Ela Mr. Hamline publicly placed the credit of leadership in this movement among the accomplishments which

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crowned the work of that devoted advocate of Civil Service Reform. That was like John Hamline.

From April 2, 1895, to this day the merit law in Chicago has been subjected to the strain of constant though sometimes secret executive opposition. Mayor Swift exercised his spoils prerogatives during the ninety days allowed by the act and then appointed an admirable Commission which formulated an excellent code of regulations, but served to protect the Mayor's partisan appointees. This Commission was quickly put out of commission by Mayor Harrison, and its successors were selected to turn the merit system into a farce. After prostituting the Commission to partisan ends for four years, Mayor Harrison finally thought it good politics to follow Mayor Swift's example, and appointed a strong Commission, which he has permitted to be greatly weakened since the death of Mr. Ela. But the law still lives, and has been upheld by the courts against many attacks made upon it both within and without the administration. It is John Hamline's monument; but there are others more local in their character, such as his successful fight in the courts against the encroachments of the Illinois Central Railroad on the Lake Front and in the Legislature against the Humphrey and Allen bills, two measures of vital local interest to Chicago. And, with all his untiring and disinterested activities in the political reform and club life of Chicago, John Hamline found time to achieve such prominence in his chosen profession that I find these truthful words in a recommendation sent to President Roosevelt not so long ago: "In character as in performance, he is, and he is recognized as, one of the best and strongest civic forces in Chicago. He is a practical reformer, who has made reforms popular. He has done things. He has neither neglected his profession nor his civic duties; he is a leader in both."

I may conclude this article by saying that at the time the above was written John Hamline, in the maturity of his power, was willing to surrender an income of over $20,000 a year from his profession for the honor of rendering high public service on the Federal bench. Moreover, John Hamline was, what so few men in public and business life are, the captain of his own "unconquerable soul." The fly-leaf of the last pamphlet which he issued in fulfillment of what he regarded as a public duty, and which was being mailed as his body was being borne to its last resting-place, bore as its motto:

"O Neptune, you may save me, if you will; you may sink me, if you will; but, whatever happen, I shall keep my rudder true."

To Sleep

By Harvey Carson Grumbine

The day is done, and, stalking through the town,
Swarth night's abroad, clad in his sable vest,
And burghers stout ensconcèd are at rest
Upon their pillows lavendered, of down.
Thus fortified, I scout the glooming frown
Of sable night within my sun-bleached nest,
And heal my beating temples on the breast
Of sweet repose upon my couch of down,—
Of sweet repose, the sweeter that dull care
Hath heavy hung amid the heat of day;
The sweeter now for that I strive and dare
And hew and draw upon the dusty way
At noon, as when reveille thrills the air:
Then haste thee, sleep, on me thy guerdon lay!

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN[1]

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter XIII.—The President's Policies

I SAID I would not meddle with the President's policies, and neither will I from the point of view of statecraft; for of that I know less than nothing. But how now, looking at them through the man I have tried to show you? Do his "policies" not become the plain expression of his character, of the man? Ask yourself and answer the question whether he has "made good" the promise which any one not willfully blind could see. Lots of people were uneasy when he became President. It was natural, in the excitement over the murder of President McKinley. Roosevelt was young, he was hot-headed, hasty, things were going to be upset—that was what we heard. Perhaps they looked back and saw that no Vice-President had ever succeeded who did not dismiss the Cabinet of his dead chief and set up for himself. But this President did not let the day pass, upon which he took the oath, without asking McKinley's advisers to stay and be his, all of them. It was politically wise, for it allayed the unrest. But it was something besides that: it was the natural thing for Roosevelt to do. He knew the Cabinet, and what they could do.

"You know well enough," he said once, when we were speaking of it, "that I am after the thing to be done. It is the fitness of the tool to do the work I am concerned about, not my inventing of it. What does that matter?"

He found in Attorney-General Knox, for instance, a corporation lawyer whose very experience as such had made him see clearly the unwisdom, to look at it merely from the point of view of their own security, of the arrogance that lay ill concealed at the bottom of the dealings of organized wealth with the rest of mankind. And splendidly has he battled for the rights of us all—theirs and ours. The utter mystery to me is that corporate wealth has not long before this made out that there can be no worse misfit and no greater peril to itself in a government of the people than to have the feeling grow that money can buy unfair privilege. "But it is true, and always has been," says my Wall Street neighbor who has the courage of his convictions. Then, if that be so, is he so blind that he cannot see the danger of it, since the very soul of the Republic is in the challenge that it shall not be true forever; that, with every just premium on honest industry, men shall have somewhere near a fair chance at the start; that they shall not be damned into economic slavery any more than into political slavery? Is he so blind that he cannot see that the irrepressible conflict cannot be sidetracked by any subterfuge, by the purchase of delegations, the plotting of politicians, the defeat of Presidents? I used to think that the great captains of industry must be the wisest of men, and so indeed they need be in their special fields. But where is their common sense that they cannot see so plain a thing?

Unless, indeed, they think that the Republic is a mere fake, government by the people and of the people and for the people a fad, a phrase behind which to plot securely for a hundred years more—life with no other meaning than to fill pockets and belly while they last! In which case I pity them from the bottom of my heart. For what a meaning to

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read into life, one little end of which lies within our ken, with the key to all the rest, as far as we are able to grasp it here, in fair dealing with the brother!

I have said that I speak for myself in these pages; but for once you may take it that I speak for Theodore Roosevelt too. That is what he thinks. That is the underlying thought of his oft-expressed philosophy, that the poorest plan for an American to act upon is that of "some men down," and the safest that of "all men up." For, whether for good or ill, up we go or down, poor and rich, white or black, all of us together, in the end, in the things that make for real manhood. And the making of that manhood and the bringing of it to the affairs of life and making it tell there, is the business of the Republic.

How, so thinking, could he have taken any other attitude than he has on the questions that seem crowding to a solution these days because there is at last a man at the head who will not dodge, but deal squarely with them as they come? How should he have "intended insult" to the South, whose blood flowed in his mother's veins, when he bade to his table one of the most distinguished citizens of our day, by whose company at tea Queen Victoria thought herself honored, because he represents the effort, the hope, of raising a whole race of men —our black-skinned fellow-citizens—up to the grasp of what citizenship means? And where is there a man fool enough to believe that the clamor of silly reactionists whom history, whom life, have taught nothing, should move him one hair's breadth from the thing he knows is right—even from "the independent and fearless course he has followed in his attempt to secure decent and clean officials in the South"? I am quoting from the Montgomery (Alabama) "Times," a manly Democratic newspaper that is not afraid of telling the truth. I have just now read the clear, patient, and statesmanlike answer of Carl Schurz to the question, "Can the South solve the negro problem?" He thinks it can if it will follow its best impulses and its clearest sense, not the ranting of those who would tempt it to moral and economic ruin with the old ignorant cry of "Keep the nigger down!" And I know that the South has no truer and fairer friend in that cause than the President, who believes in "all men up," and who, with genuine statesmanship, looks beyond the strife and the prejudice of to-day to the harvest-time that is coming.

"On this whole question," he sighed, when we had threshed it over one day, "we are in a back eddy. I don't know how we are going to get out, or when. The one way I know that does not lead out is for us to revert to a condition of semi-slavery. That leads us farther in, *because it does not stop there.*"

Let the South ponder it well, for it is true. And let it be glad that there is a man in the White House to voice its better self. "A nation cannot remain half free and half slave" or half peon. And it can never throw off its industrial fetters and take the place to which it is entitled until it is willing to build upon the dignity of manhood and of labor, of which serfdom, by whatever name, is the flat denial.

Truly, the world moves with giant strides once the policy of postponement is sidetracked and notice is served that the man at the throttle is willing to give ear. I wonder now how many of us, when it comes right down to hard facts, consider government, the Republic, the general scheme of the world, a kind of *modus vivendi* to make sure *we* are not interfered with while we are at the game —never mind the rest? But yesterday the shout arose that the President was inviting "labor men" to break bread at the White House—white men, these. Well, why not labor men, if they are otherwise fit companions for the President of the United States? That these were, no one questioned. It was at that luncheon, I suppose, that one of them made the remark that at last there was a hearing for him and his fellows. I have forgotten the precise occasion, but I remember the President's pregnant answer:

"Yes! The White House door, while I am here, shall swing open as easily for the labor man as for the capitalist, *and no easier.*"

It seems as if it was in the same week

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that the President had been denounced in labor meetings as "unfriendly" because he would not let union rules supersede United States law in the office of the public printer. Only a little while before, resolutions of organized labor had denounced him as "unfair" because he had opposed mob-rule with rifles in an Arizona mining dispute, and the editors of "organs" that had not yet got through denouncing him as a time-server because of his action in the anthracite coal strike were having a hard and bewildering time of it. How many of their readers they succeeded in mixing up besides themselves, I don't know. Some, no doubt; for even so groundless a lie as this, that President Roosevelt had jumped Leonard Wood over four hundred and fifty veteran soldiers to a major-generalship because he was his friend, found believers when it was repeated day after day by the newspapers that cared even less for the four hundred and fifty veterans than they did for Leonard Wood, merely using him as a convenient screen from behind which to hit Roosevelt. Whereas the truth is that General Wood was not "jumped" a single number by his friend, but came up for confirmation in the regular routine of promotion by seniority of rank, all the jumping having been done years before by President McKinley for cause, and heartily applauded by the American people. Of all this his defamers were perfectly well aware; and so they must have been of the facts in the labor situation, of which they tried to make capital, if I may use so odd a term. It was just as simple as all the rest of President Roosevelt's doings.

"Finance, tariff," he said to me once—"these are important. But the question of the relations of capital and labor is vital. Your children and mine will be happy in this country of ours, or the reverse, according to whether the decent man in 1950 feels friendly toward the other decent man whether he is a wage-worker or not. 'I am for labor,' or 'I am for capital,' substitutes something else for the immutable laws of righteousness. The one and the other would let the class man in, and letting him in is the one thing that will most quickly eat out the heart of the Republic. I am neither for labor nor for capital, but for the decent man against the selfish and indecent man who will not act squarely."

To a President of that mind came the coal-strike question in October, 1902, with its demand for action in a new and untried field—a perilous field for a man with political aspirations, that was made clear without delay. Then, if ever, was the time for the policy of postponement, had his personal interests weighed heavier in the scale than the public good. To me, sitting by and watching the strife of passions aroused all over the land, it brought a revelation of the need of charity for the neighbor who does not know. From the West, where they burn soft coal, and could know nothing of the emergency, but where they had had their own troubles with the miners, came counsel to let things alone. Men who thought I had the President's ear sent messages of caution. "Go slow," was their burden; "tell him not to be hasty, not to interfere." While from the Atlantic seaboard cities, where coal was twelve dollars a ton, with every bin empty and winter at the door, such a cry of dread went up as no one who heard it ever wants to hear again. From my own city, with its three million toilers, Mayor Low telegraphed to the President:

> I cannot emphasize too strongly the immense injustice of the existing coal situation to millions of innocent people. The welfare of a large section of the country imperatively demands the immediate resumption of anthracite coal mining. In the name of the City of New York I desire to protest, through you, against the continuance of the existing situation, which, if prolonged, involves, at the very least, the certainty of great suffering and heavy loss to the inhabitants of this city, in common with many others.

Governor Crane, of Massachusetts, came on to Washington to plead the cause of the Eastern cities, whose plight, if anything, was worse. The miners stood upon their rights. Organized capital scouted interference defiantly, threatening disaster to the Republican party if the President stepped in. The cry of the cities swelled into a wail of anguish and despair, and still the mines were idle, the tracks of the coal roads blocked for miles with empty cars. In

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the midst of it all the "hasty" man in the White House wrote in reply to my anxious inquiry:

"I am slowly going on, step by step, working within my limited range of powers and endeavoring neither to shirk any responsibilities nor yet to be drawn into such hasty and violent action as almost invariably provokes reaction."

Long after it was over, Secretary of the Navy Moody told me of what was happening then in Washington.

"I remember the President sitting with his game leg in a chair while the doctors dressed it," he said (it was after the accident in Massachusetts in which the President's coach was smashed and the secret service man on the driver's seat killed). "It hurt, and now and then he would wince a bit, while he discussed the strike and the appeals for help that grew more urgent with every passing hour. The outlook was grave; it seemed as if the cost of interference might be political death. I saw how it tugged at him, just when he saw chances of serving his country which he had longed for all the years, to meet—this. It was human nature to halt. He halted long enough to hear it all out: the story of the suffering in the big coast cities, of schools closing, hospitals without fuel, of the poor shivering in their homes. Then he set his face grimly and said:

"'Yes, I will do it. I suppose that ends me; but it is right, and I will do it.'

"I don't agree with labor in all its demands," added the Secretary. "I think it is unreasonable in some of them, or some of its representatives are. But in the main line it is eternally right, and it is only by owning it and helping it to its rights that we can successfully choke off the exorbitant demands." And in my soul I said amen, and was glad that with such problems to solve the President had found such friends to help.

Many times during the anxious days that followed I thought with wonder of the purblind folk who called Roosevelt hasty. For it seemed sometimes as if the insolence of the coal magnates were meant to provoke him to anger. But no word betrayed what he felt, what thousands of his fellow-citizens felt as they read the reports of the conferences at the White House. The most consummate statesmanship steered us safely between reefs that beset the parley at every point, and the country was saved from a calamity the extent and consequences of which it is hard to imagine. Judge Gray, the chairman of the commission that settled the strike, said, when it was all history, that the crisis confronting the President "was more grave and threatening than any since the Civil War, threatening not only the comfort and health, but the safety and good order of the Nation." And he gave to the President unstinted praise for what he did. The London "Times," speaking for all Europe in hailing the entrance of government upon a new field full of great possibilities, said editorially, "In the most quiet and unobtrusive manner, President Roosevelt has done a very big thing and an entirely new thing."

He alone knew at what cost. Invalid, undergoing daily agony as the doctors scraped the bone of his injured leg, he wrote to the Governor of Massachusetts, who sent him "the thanks of every man, woman, and child in the country":

"Yes, we have put it through. But, heavens and earth! it has been a struggle."

It was the nearest I ever knew him to come to showing the strain he had been under.

The story of the strike and of how it was settled by the President's commission, none of us has forgotten. That commission did not make permanent peace between capital and labor, but it took a longer stride toward making a lasting basis for such a peace than we had taken yet; and I can easily understand the President's statement to me that, if there were nothing else to his credit, he would be content to go out of office upon that record alone. For it was truly a service to render. I had supposed that we all understood, until I ran up against a capitalistic friend of the "irreconcilable" stripe. He complained bitterly of the President's mixing in; had he kept his hands off, the strike would have settled itself in a very

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little while; the miners would have gone back to work. I said that I saw no sign of it.

No, he supposed not; but it was so, all the same. "We had their leaders all bought," said he.

He lied, to be plain about it, for John Mitchell and his men had proved abundantly that they were not that kind. And, besides, he could not speak for the mine operators; he was not one of them. But the thing was not for whom he spoke, but what it was he said, with such callous unconcern. Think of it for a moment, and tell me which was, when all is said and done, the greater danger: the strike, with *all* it might have stood for, or the cynicism that framed that speech? The country might outlive the horrors of a coal famine in midwinter, but this other thing would kill as sure as slow poison. Mob-rule was not to be feared like that.

There comes to my mind, by contrast, something John Mitchell said to the Southwestern Miners' Convention, after the strike, that shows the quality of the man and of his leadership.

"Some men," he said, "who own the mines, think they own the men, too; and some men who work in the mines think they own them. Both are wrong. The mines belong to the owners. You belong to yourselves."

Upon those who said that the President had surrendered the country, horse, foot, and dragoons, to organized labor, his action a few months later, in sending troops within the hour in which they were demanded to prevent violence by miners in Arizona, ought to have put a quietus. But it did not; they gibbered away as before. The reason is plain; they did not themselves believe what they said. The Miller case followed hard upon it, with no better effect. But the Miller case is so eloquent both of the President's stand upon this most urgent of all questions in our day, and of his diplomacy—which is nothing else than his honest effort, with all the light he can get upon a thing, to do the right as he sees it—that it is worth setting down here as part of his record, and a part to be remembered.

Miller was an assistant foreman in the Government bookbindery. He was discharged by the public printer, upon the demand of organized labor, on charges of "flagrant non-unionism," he having been expelled from Local Union No. 4 of the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders. His discharge was in defiance of the civil service laws, and, the matter having come before the President, he ordered that he be reinstated. In doing so, he pointed to this finding of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission which organized labor had accepted:

> It is adjudged and awarded that no person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization, and that there shall be no discrimination against or interference with any employee who is not a member of any labor organization by members of such organization.

"It is, of course," was the President's comment, "mere elementary decency to require that all the Government departments shall be handled in accordance with the principle thus clearly and fearlessly enunciated." But there are people who do not understand, on both sides of the line. Seventy-two unions in the Central Labor Union of the District of Columbia "resolved" that to reinstate Miller was "an unfriendly act." The big leaders, including Mr. Gompers and Mr. Mitchell, came to plead with the President. Miller was not fit, they said.

That was another matter, replied the President. He would find out. As to Miller's being a non-union man, the law he was sworn to enforce recognized no such distinction. "I am President," he said, "of all the people of the United States, without regard to creed, color, birthplace, occupation, or social distinction. In the employment and dismissal of men in the Government service I can no more recognize the fact that a man does or does not belong to a union as being for or against him than I can recognize the fact that he is a Protestant or a Catholic, a Jew or a Gentile, as being for or against him."

The newspapers did not tell us that the White House rang with applause, as did Clarendon Hall on that other occasion when he met the labor men as a

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police commissioner. I do not know whether it did or not, for I was not there. But if in their hearts there was no response to that sentiment, they did not represent the best in their cause or in their people; for of nothing am I better persuaded than that, as the President said in his Labor Day speech at Syracuse, "Our average fellow-citizen is a sane and healthy man who believes in decency and has a wholesome mind." And that was the gospel of sanity and decency and wholesomeness all rolled into one.

Well, these are his policies. Can any one who has followed me so far in my effort to show what Theodore Roosevelt is, and why he is what he is, conceive of his having any other? And is there an American worthy of the name who would want him to have any other? Cuba is free, and she thanks President Roosevelt for her freedom. But for his insistence that the Nation's honor was bound up in the completion of the work his Rough Riders began at Las Guasimas and on San Juan hill, a cold conspiracy of business greed would have left her in the lurch, to fall by and by reluctantly into our arms, bankrupt and helpless, while the sneer of the cynics that we were plucking that plum for ourselves would have been justified. The Venezuela imbroglio that threatened the peace of the world has added, instead, to the prestige of the Hague Court of Arbitration through the wisdom and lofty public spirit of the American President. The man who was called hasty and unsafe has done more for the permanent peace of the world than all the diplomats of the day. The Panama Canal is at last to be a fact, with benefit which no one can reckon to the commerce of the world, of our land, and most of all to the Southern States, that are trying to wake up from their long sleep. I confess that the half-hearted criticism I hear of the way of the Administration with Panama provokes in me a desire to laugh; for it reminds me of the way the case was put to me by a man, than whom there is no one in the United States who should know better.

"It is just," he said, "as if a fellow were to try to hold you up, and you were to wrench the gun away from him, so"—with an expressive gesture; "and then some bystander should cry out, 'Oh, the poor fellow! you've taken away his gun! Maybe he wouldn't have shot at all; and then it is his gun, anyway, and you such a big fellow, and he so small. Oh, shame!'"

We can smile now, but Assistant Secretary of State Loomis lifted the curtain enough, the other day, to give us a glimpse of what might have been, had the Colombian plot to confiscate the French canal company's forty millions of property, when the concession lapsed in another year, been allowed to hatch. Half the world might have been at war then. I think we may all well be glad, as he truly said, that "there was in Washington, upon this truly fateful occasion, a man who possessed the insight, the knowledge, the spirit, and the courage to seize the opportunity to strike a blow, the results of which can be fraught only with peace and good to the whole world."

I am not a jingo; but when some things happen I just have to get up and cheer. The way our modern American diplomacy goes about things is one of them. You remember, don't you, when the captains were conferring at Tientsin about going to the relief of the Ministers there that were besieged in their embassies, and the little jealous rivalries of the powers would not let them get anywhere, the French and Russians pulling one way, the Germans another, the British another, and so on, how Captain McCalla got up and said:

"Well, gentlemen, you have talked this matter over pretty thoroughly and have come to no decision. And now I will tell you what I am going to do. My Minister is in danger, and I am going to Peking." Wherefore they all went.

I had to cheer then, and I have to give a cheer off and on yet for the man at the helm, and to thank God that he sent me over the sea to cast in my lot with a country and with a people that do not everlastingly follow worm-eaten precedent, but are young enough and strong enough and daring enough to make it when need be.

"But about his financial policy, about his war upon the trusts, the corporations,

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which they say is going to defeat him for re-election, you have said nothing. You have offered no defense." Well, good friend, if you have found nothing in these pages that answers your question, I am afraid there is little use in my saying anything now on the subject. Defense I have not offered, because, in the first place, I am quite unable to see that there is need of any. If there were, I should think the coal strike experience, or, later yet, the disclosures in the shipbuilding trust case as to what it is that ails Wall Street, would have given everybody all the information he could wish. The President is not, Congress is not, making war upon corporations, upon capital. They are trying to hold them—through publicity, by compelling them to obey the laws their smaller competitors have to bow to, and in any other lawful and reasonable way—to such responsibility that they shall not become a power full of peril to the people and to themselves. For that might mean much and grave mischief—would mean, indeed, unless the people were willing to abdicate, which I think they are not. That mischief I should like to see averted.

"It is not designed to restrict or control the fullest liberty of legitimate business action"—I quote from the President's last message—and none such can follow. "Publicity can do no harm to the honest corporation. The only corporation that has cause to dread it is the corporation which shrinks from the light, and about the welfare of such we need not be over-sensitive. The work of the Department of Commerce and Labor has been conditioned upon this theory, of securing fair treatment alike for labor and capital."

That is all, and nothing has been done that is not in that spirit. Perhaps it is natural that a corporation like the Standard Oil Company, which has amassed enormous wealth through a monopoly that enabled it to dictate its own freight rates to the utter annihilation of its competitors, should object to have the Government step in and try to curtail unfair profits. Perhaps it is natural for it to object to the anti-rebate law, though it comes too late to check its greed.

Perhaps it is natural for some speculating concerns to wish to keep their business to themselves; but it seems to me we have seen enough swindling exposed, to be plain about it, these last few months, to make a good many people wish there had been some way of finding out the facts before it was too late. That, again, is all there is to that. Nobody is to be hurt, nobody can be hurt, except the one that deserves to be. I have faith enough in the American people to believe that the time has not yet come, and will not soon come, when the speculators can defeat a man running for the Presidency on the platform of an equal chance to all and special favors to none. If they can, it is time we knew it.

And, in the next place, I have not the least idea in the world that the men who are plotting against the President do, or ever did, seriously question the fairness of his policy. It is him they do not want. Let a witness that is certainly on the inside tell why. I quote from an editorial in the "Wall Street News"—another newspaper that dares to tell the truth, it seems:

> It is not because President Roosevelt is antagonistic to capital, or a partner in that hatred of wealth which is so odious and so threatening, that certain financial interests, expert in the manipulation of the markets, are scheming to prevent his election to a second term. They know very well that he is no enemy to capital. They know that by birthright, by education, and by long political training he is a supporter of sound money, an advocate of a protective tariff, a firm upholder of the rights of property. They know that he is the last man in the world to lead in an assault on capital lawfully applied to the development of the commercial enterprises of the country. They have no fear that he will be led by ambition or impulse into paths of socialism, or that he will for one moment give the authority of his name and office to the aid of organized labor in any movement to crush out competition, and thus to establish a monopoly more destructive to the interests of the country than even the most corrupt, oppressive, and powerful trust.
>
> What, then, is the reason why these financial interests are scheming to defeat him? The answer is plain.
>
> They cannot control him.
>
> All efforts to control him through his ambition have failed. Any attempt to control him by grosser forms of bribery would, of course, be useless. Effort to move him by sophistical arguments framed by clever cor-

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poration lawyers into departure from the paths of duty and law have not succeeded. He is a friend of capital. He is a friend of labor. But he is no slave of either.

And so those Wall Street interests have decided that he is to be driven out of office. They will prevent his renomination, if they can. If not, they will try to beat him at the polls with money. "All the money is to be on the other side this year." They made the beginning in New York this last fall. It is no secret that enormous amounts of money were thrown into the campaign in the last two weeks to turn the election. Low and reform were sacrificed. Next it is to be Roosevelt. "Money talks," is their creed. Other arguments are wasted.

Well, as to that, we shall see. There is still the American people to hear from.

[THE END]

A Free National System of Music

By Fannie Edgar Thomas

TO imagine the value of a free national system of music education, we must first imagine all our public schools swept out of existence. Imagine then our general education in the hands of whoever wished to put out a shingle as a teacher—here an old maid, there a young one; here a broken-down minister, there a well-set-up one; here a bigot, there an atheist; here a dyspeptic who loathes the whole thing, there one capable, efficient, conscientious, born teacher. All these people must live. And they must live upon the money of those who desire to learn. Each one has his trumpet and drum calling out: "I, I, I! Come to me! I am the one to teach you. All the others will harm you. I will not. Come to me, me, me!"

Of course the one with the loudest call and strongest drum gets the following. But when a pupil goes in at one door, who is there to say that he may not better have gone in at another? When the door is closed upon that teacher and pupil, who is there to see to it that much harm instead of much good is not being accomplished? Who, indeed, to see that anything at all is being done, or that parents and pupils are getting the worth of their money?

Nobody. Nothing.

On the other hand, imagine the position of the teacher, however able, however conscientious, however well-intentioned, before the problem of keeping pupils in the school and out of competitors' hands. When a monthly fee and an educational principle come to be weighed one against the other, which do you imagine is going to win in the battle for bread, not to speak of place and power?

Imagine the general intelligence of this country dependent upon such a system of education. It was so once. But it did not long so remain. It did not require long for our young, strong, virile intuition to see that such a course was not for us—to see that a free national system of education was a necessity of the intelligence of a republic.

And it was so. Witness the result; the strongest, most capable, most far-seeing intelligence on the face of the globe to-day.

It is due, is it not, to the children of a republic that the talent of the poor should have opportunity of development as well as the talent of the rich? But it is also due to the talent of the rich that theirs be properly developed. Can either take place under the system of trumpet and drum? Certainly not. What of music?

In France a music student may enter the school at nine and remain till forty-nine if need be, without its costing him one single solitary sou—for teaching, for instruments, for music. From A to Z of a complete musical education is provided by the State, in the interest of the art of the nation.

As is the case in our general education, the course is planned, divided, graded, the pupils directed, controlled, protected, examined, according to the

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best-known principles of pedagogic law, as applied to the study of music.

The examination is not left in the hands of interested teachers, not even of the directors, all belonging to the élite of the art authority of the country though they be. It is in the hands of juries—of twelve tried men and true, from the very highest ranks of authority not connected with the schools, who come together from all directions and at any sacrifice, proud of the privilege, the honor, of having something to do with the advancement of the art of France.

The reports of progress and achievement are not left to the statements of possible bias or prejudice. There is no "my pupils," "I," "me," in the case. The averaged estimate of authority says what is done. Teachers and directors smile or weep over results, as do pupils and parents.

Work, teachers, directors, juries, are all again watched over by the Ministers of Art, the highest and most esteemed Ministers of the Government.

Moreover, any one imagining that he desires to become a professional musician may not, for that reason, walk in and partake of these immense privileges. He is met at the door with tests as to the possession of born fitness of ear, eye, finger, mind, to warrant the care and cost of so valuable an education. After this, three and four times of every year during the study life must he pass through a series of examinations, to see whether or not the first estimate may have been a mistaken one. For the effort is not to get pupils in, but to keep them out. The search is not for francs to run the institution or to fill pocketbooks, but for artists to add to the glory of the Republic.

The records of all examinations from the first are kept and averaged to the close, and account is carefully taken of disposition, tendency, endurance, sincerity, power of growth in perception of truth, as well as of technical results. Any student who at any time fails to come before or pass any three successive examinations, passes back and down and out through the door whence he came, even to the last year of the course.

There are also preparatory trials and tests, and examinations for examinations, a continued sifting and winnowing; as in the refining of sugar, an incessant boiling and skimming from black to white. The final competitions are not between black and white, but between degrees of whiteness to discover the most pure. The student who passes out from under such an ordeal may not be a genius—none but God can furnish the divine spark—but he must be a skilled musician. He has to the highest degree possible the tools with which to serve whatever inspiration he may possess.

Under such a system the pupil of course has nothing to say as to what he wishes or does not wish, what he will or will not do. He does not have to consult his pocketbook as to time. The science of study is dictator. Students obey and achieve. Neither must the teacher consider the will, wish, or humor of the pupil. He is free to lead to the highest perfection prescribed. The work of teacher and pupil is in public view, and the survival is given to the fittest in music, as in our public schools in general education.

At the dawn of our Republic, we Anglo-Saxons, filled with the instinct of general intelligence, saw the necessity of free education and established the public-school system. The Latins, filled with art intuition, saw the necessity of free education in music. They laid the foundations of a free national system of musical instruction in the midst of the chaos that lay between the fall of a ruinous Royalty and the rise of an untried Liberty. Over one hundred and ten years ago was this foundation established. The head of the public music-school system was made the Paris Conservatoire. Branches and sub-branches now exist throughout the entire country, all free, all based on the same principles and having the same methods of work. While the ambition of all provincial musicians is to graduate into the Paris Conservatoire, the ambition of each provincial school is to remain independent of imitation of, while rivaling in excellence, the Alma Mater.

Since its foundation, the Paris Conservatoire has had six directors, the two

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of our time being M. Ambroise Thomas, composer of "Mignon," "Hamlet," etc., and M. Theo. Dubois, likewise a composer, a fine disciplinarian, and one of the Lord's elect in honor, faithfulness to trust, graciousness, and benign charm.

The institution has for object training in the twin arts of music and drama, the same methods of grading examination and thoroughness being applied to both, and both absolutely free as to tuition.

Four national theaters—two for acting, two for music—were likewise established, not as commercial speculation in amusement, but as a supplemental means of art education for the country. Graduates of the free schools pass into them as artists, there to maintain the traditions of art, of which they are held to be apostles. Actors and opera singers in France, then, are not bought-and-paid-for curiosities, captured with gold in foreign fields and kept in gilded cages at so much a peep. They are the cream of the people themselves, bone of their bone and sinew of their sinew, trained apostles of art, ordained to teach by order of God through superior gift, and by order of the nation through free education.

The details of the foundation of the Paris Conservatoire, and of its daily working examinations, competitions, and results, are intensely interesting, and would be, to a people as educative as ourselves, highly instructive.

In one short article on two important features there is not space to indicate them. It must not be imagined that American music students going to Paris pass under the direction of this superb educational system. For many reasons this is impossible. Alas and alas and alas that it is so!

Could our students on going to Paris pass under the direction, control, and protection of the national system of music-teaching, then this whole intricate problem of going abroad to study would be resolved logically. Paris would then become a post-graduate point for our people. Unity between our preparation and their higher development could be established. Light would stream through the present darkness as to intention and action, and the mountain range of expense would fall out of sight altogether. Instead of pupils dictating, they would be dictated to. They would listen instead of talking, obey instead of arguing, and achieve instead of passing through a chaos of confusion from which, in most cases, but one certainty remains, namely, "I have been abroad to study!"

The reasons why our students do not share the national privilege in music education in Paris are too numerous to be treated here. Suffice it to say that few of them even know that there is such a system. During the century of its existence but five Americans have partaken of Conservatoire training, even in partial degree.

Side by side with that national system of music-teaching in Paris exists the other, the one indicated above as that of the "trumpet and drum." Any unprejudiced educator has the opportunity of seeing the difference between the two—in one dictation, in the other catering flattery and false hope; in one control, in the other concession; in one examination by jury and its inevitable record, in the other the inevitable "M-y-y-y pu-pils are so-and-so. I say so and therefore it is so!" In one the effort to discover genius and suppress mediocrity, in the other the effort to get and to hold regardless of equipment; in one order, system, organization, in the other confusion worse confounded. This does not say that *all* on one side is bad, or that all on the other side is perfect. By no means. There are exceptions on the one hand, and ways more than one in which the other might be improved. It only says that one is the wise, logical, hopeful way of teaching music, while the other is simply a way of making money by giving lessons, with a greater or less hazard of possibility as to achievement.

The strange part of this whole problem is that the people to complain most loudly and most incessantly as to the weakness of the individual or private lesson method of teaching music are those who practice it. Their universal complaint is, "We cannot do ourselves or our pupils justice. We can only do

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the best we can under the circumstances. They are not prepared to receive what we have to give them. They have not sufficient money and consequently insufficient time to give to us. They will not submit and obey. They revolt and change teachers. What can we do?" When you ask, "Why are you, the teachers, not the dictators?" they reply, "We cannot; they will go to other teachers who will not insist."

"But suppose some do go; the best will remain, and you will have better material with which to produce results."

"Ah! There are the rent, meat, and milk bills to pay. We *must* have pupils in the house!"

That ends the argument, of course. There you and they are, right up against the root of the whole tangle. Conscience, intention, knowledge, love of work, all understood, once the question of money becomes imperative, that instant teachers' hands become tied. It is inevitable. It is incontrovertible. It *is*.

The bright and shining examples of achievement in spite of these conditions stand out all the more brightly as exceptions. But education in all things, music as the rest, must not be left to haphazard, to chance, to exception. It must be directed, controlled, organized, placed under authority, above all things be separated from self-interest.

People who would teach properly, music as all else, must be *free* to teach, else they cannot. Record and their own words say they do not.

A free national system of musical education is a necessity of the music art of a Republic.

Only so may a Republic ever have standard in music, knowledge of music, real love of music. Only so may it ever hope to have national music, national musicians, a national music art.

Japanese Characteristics[1]

THERE is a tone of reality about Mr. Gulick's book[1] that distinguishes it from the many pictorial but rather fanciful writings about Japan familiar to readers of English books. Evidence of first-hand and intimate knowledge of the Japanese people is abundant in every chapter. Mr. Gulick's work is marked by sane constraint and critical acumen. At the same time, though he does not attempt any vivid descriptive writing, Mr. Gulick leaves with the reader a picture of life in Japan that is clear and convincing. The reading of this book, one feels, is like looking at the Japanese through the eyes, not of a curious traveler in search of the grotesque, not of a sentimentalist who sees the blossoms on the trees but not the soiled bibs on the idols, but rather of an observant and clear-headed resident of Japan, who, on the one hand, has seen the people so close at hand that he writes of what he knows, and, on the other hand, is able to view what he knows in such perspective that he can write not merely as a recorder but as an acute interpreter as well. The result is a volume which, though opened at random, would lure one into reading.

Mr. Gulick groups all that he says around a single thesis, which he introduces by saying that the conflict in the Orient "is not racial but civilizational." His thesis is that the progress of Japan has been and is to be determined, not by innate qualities which the race has physiologically inherited, but by changes in its social order. In other words, he maintains that the Japanese are psychologically in no respect different from Europeans; that the traits which mark them off from Englishmen, Germans, or Americans are the product of a social environment which can historically be explained. The conclusion is clear: the conflict in the Orient is not unending; change the social order and you change the temperament of the race.

Though this thesis sounds like Buckle's theory of civilization, how widely it varies from the materialism of that Mr. Gulick makes clear by the distinction he draws between the biological and the psychological view of society.

[1] *Evolution of the Japanese, Social and Psychic.* By Sidney L. Gulick, M.A. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

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To put it otherwise, racial characteristics, Mr. Gulick is led by his experience in Japan to conclude, are not the result of a peculiar racial brain structure physically inherited, but are the effect of transmitted customs upon ordinary human nature.

It is by means of this general principle that Mr. Gulick explains the apparent fact that Japan has "jumped out of her skin," that within three decades Japan has suddenly, to use the author's words, "become an integral part of Christendom." For centuries Japan has had the unique experience of frequently feeling foreign influence while never undergoing foreign subjugation. As a consequence, she has developed her own institutions though she has borrowed foreign instruments to use in the course of her self-development. Old Japan consisted of a number of tribes which found national unity in the common acceptance of an emperor. Although it is doubtful whether in early days he ever was *de facto* a powerful ruler, he was the one concrete object of Japanese loyalty. The social order at the same time consisted of a thoroughgoing feudalism, and under it there developed a practical national government under the leadership of a tribe—the Tokugawa family. By virtue of possessing the emperor, this tribe established a hegemony which was recognized for two hundred and fifty years. During that time there were patriotic Japanese who resented this usurpation of imperial prerogatives; but, whatever the rebellions against the Tokugawa Shogunate were, there was never anything but the most devoted adherence to the emperor himself. To this day loyalty to the emperor is unquestioned in Japan. Indeed, it is so emphatic that it prevents the study of Japanese early history, on the ground that such study might disprove the myths concerning the emperor's divine origin! It hardly does for us Westerners to be amused at that, in view of exactly the same course that has been pursued by opponents of the impartial study of early Hebrew history and literature.

It fell to a foreigner to crystallize Japanese nationality. When Admiral Perry, of the United States, made a treaty with the Tokugawa rulers, he expected them to carry out its provisions. They revealed their helplessness as against the tribes on the one hand and the American navy on the other. As it had happened that the emperor had not formally assented to the treaty, there was good occasion for the overthrow of the Shogunate and the establishment of an empire in fact. Thus, strangely, foreign interference became associated in the minds of the Japanese with the unification and strengthening of their own government. It was most natural, therefore, that patriotism should suggest the adoption of Occidental ways—in the army, in the navy, in the government, in commerce and transportation, in almost all the outward expressions of civilization. An imperial edict explicitly sanctioned this change. That made doubly sure the popular acceptance of the "Enlightened Rule."

In a series of very readable chapters Mr. Gulick shows how this transformation in the social order has affected Japanese traits. Waves of feeling, abdication, truthfulness, suspiciousness, jealousy, humane feelings, conceit, apotheosis, fickleness, stolidity, imitation, originality, "nominality," imagination, moral ideals, religious conceptions—these are some of the subjects, selected at random, which he considers. It is manifestly impossible to give in outline the substance of these chapters. Of them all it must suffice here to say that Mr. Gulick gives pictures and impressions of these and other characteristics, and shows how they have been modified or are being modified by the remarkable, almost dramatic change that has come about in the social order, and how, by future change in the social order, they will be subject to further modification.

Japanese sensitiveness to environment and to criticism he first considers. The thing most dreaded by a Japanese is ridicule. Says Mr. Gulick:

> The Japanese young man who is making a typewritten copy of these pages for me says that, when still young, he heard an address to children which he still remembers. The speaker asked what the most fearful thing in the world was. Many replies were given by the children—"snakes," "wild beasts,"

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"fathers," "gods," "ghosts," "demons," "Satan," "hell," etc. These were admitted to be fearful, but the speaker told the children that one other was to be more feared than all else, namely, "to be laughed at." This speech, with its vivid illustrations, made a lasting impression on the mind of the boy, and on reading what I had written he realized how powerful a motive fear of ridicule had been in his own life, also how large a part it plays in the moral education of the young in Japan.

Such a trait has naturally made the Japanese a nation of conformists. Their morality is to a considerable degree conventional. Their quick adoption of the ways of the Occident has made this sensitiveness very well known as a race trait. This trait has been bred into the Japanese by the circumstances of Japan's history, which at times have forced her to imitate at the peril of her existence.

Fickleness in the Japanese therefore is not a mental characteristic due to brain structure, but an outcome of certain historical episodes. That the Japanese have qualities of stability and even stolidity Mr. Gulick has occasion several times to show.

Self-conceit, which is mixed with a visionary ambition characteristic of the Japanese, is a result of the old feudal arrogance supplemented by the very remarkable achievements of New Japan. The amusing story of a school, with the pretentious title "Eastern Asia School," that started with twenty-five boys and went to pieces in three years, is cited as characteristic, as is the notion, at one time prevalent among some Japanese, that Japan was to give a new religion for the whole world to be adopted as the final religion of mankind. These and other like instances are the result of the self-consciousness which has perforce been brought upon the Japanese by their sudden prominence in the civilized world.

An exceedingly interesting chapter on indirectness and "nominality" shows how the feudal system cultivated a regard for the names of things as distinct from the things themselves—a sort of systematized and recognized insincerity, not very distantly related to what Mr. Hodder in his articles in The Outlook on "A Fight for the City" called the administrative lie.

The most fundamental change, however, which is being brought about by the change in the social order in Japan is the introduction of individualism. In Old Japan the rigid feudal system buried men, as men, and women, as women, under offices and ranks and stations. In Japanese art there used to be no portraits; the only human figures depicted were types—the warrior, the sage, and the like, not really human figures, but clothes. The weight of class and of rank repressed the individual to such an extent that progress, which depends on individual initiative, was prevented. The emphasis that in the course of recent events has been laid on individualism is, in consequence, affecting the Japanese character mightily. How at the same time communal development is being stimulated by the same causes Mr. Gulick indicates. On this point, as on others, Mr. Gulick combines clear reasoning with much pertinent direct statement of fact. He has, therefore, made a book that is at once entertaining and provocative of thought.

A Twentieth Century Historian[1]

A NEW name must be added to the all too brief list of historians who, without abating a jot of authority, contrive to make history appeal to all classes of readers. The name is that of Mr. Herbert Paul, journalist and parliamentarian. The first two volumes of Mr. Paul's "History of Modern England" cover a period extending from the fall of the Peel Ministry in 1846 to the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865, and we venture to assert that the reader's interest will not flag from the opening eulogy of Sir Robert to the final survey of the literature, art, and science of the closing years of the Palmerstonian era. If the remaining volumes attain the standard set by these, this History will deservedly rank as a *magnum opus*, clear-cut, virile, schol-

[1] *A History of Modern England*. By Herbert Paul. Vols. I. and II. The Macmillan Co., New York.

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arly, and remarkably free from personal bias.

Yet—there is the inevitable yet. Some things about the work are productive of a distinct sense of disappointment. Perhaps its greatest weakness lies in its chiefest charm—the all-pervading quality of the epigrammatic. Incisive, all-embracing tabloid sentences of description and narration, telling more in a few words than some writers could tell in a page, follow close upon one another's heels, and flash succeeds flash of wit, until the reader, if he be not cautious, will lose himself in the bewildering galaxy of verbal gems, and from open-mouthed admiration fall into a staggering confusion of thought. From this he can extricate himself only by laboriously retracing his way to piece together the argument tied by the all too loose thread of epigram. There is, there must always be, a philosophy in a history deserving of the name, but in a work such as this the philosophy is seldom to be had for the asking. The question is—is it there?

This question must be answered in the affirmative, despite the patent fact that Mr. Paul pays comparatively little attention to the material side of the development of England, and subordinates events to people. At home and abroad there was history-making on a grand scale in the Palmerstonian era—the Crimean War, the reconquest of India, the upbuilding of the French Empire, the Civil War in the United States, the unification of Italy. With all of these Great Britain was more or less directly concerned, and all form an integral part of Mr. Paul's narrative. Almost they remain merely narrative. That they force themselves into his work as philosophy is, one is tempted to say, due to the sheer weight of their importance. It is always the men—the makers of history—who are his chief concern.

We state this in no captious spirit of fault-finding. We gladly recognize the merits of Mr. Paul's straightforward, progressive, twentieth-century style of history-telling; but for the sake of those who cannot formulate the philosophy of history for themselves we could wish that he would more frequently glide from the smooth waters of narrative into the stormy waves of disquisition. It is too much to expect a historian to unravel the esoteric, but we may reasonably ask him to guide his readers to a better understanding of what may not inaptly be termed the soul of history, that of which events are but the outward expression.

Mr. Paul's recognition of the fact that literature, art, and science are on a footing with politics in the weaving of the history of a nation goes to prove that he has a clear conception of the duties of the ideal historian. Back of all these elements, however, are many intangible "somethings," combining, for instance, to enable England to pass untroubled through the revolutionary fever that seized Europe in the late forties, just as, on the other hand, a vast congeries of these "somethings" rendered possible and successful Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*. How varied and how multiplex are the ramifications of the making of history! and how hopeless to endeavor to elucidate it by the narrative method, however much be embraced in the narrative!

Thus, then, this "History of Modern England," with all its charm of style and wealth of information, must fall short of the ideal history. But it will remain of enduring value to the future historian, marking out for him the path that leads to the true goal, and, even by its failures, aiding him to success. The day of the dry-as-dust and state-paper history is surely at an end.

We have spoken of the remarkable impartiality of Mr. Paul's judgments. Doubtless the rigid Tories and the uncompromising Protectionists of the England of to-day will scent bias in his presentation of fiscal questions; but while it is easy to perceive how his sympathies lie, he does not allow partisanship to sway his verdicts. His treatment of the Irish and clerical questions is particularly broad and liberal, and his lack of "insular prejudices" is shown both by his sweeping condemnation of the policy of his country in connection with the Crimean and Chinese wars, and by his treatment of the delicate international questions arising between the United

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States and England during our Civil War. Of the justness of the Northern cause he has no doubt, and seldom have we seen a happier pen-picture of the great war President: "Though mainly self-taught, the son of an Illinois rail-splitter, Lincoln had read many books, and the unsuspected range of his information was constantly surprising his friends. A lawyer by profession, he never failed to see the point of an argument, and was always fertile in replies. The richness and raciness of his humor, not always, it is said, strictly decorous, have never, even in his own country, been surpassed. . . . These qualities, and his imperturbable temper, were familiar throughout the North. But not until he was confronted with a task truly described by himself as greater than Washington's did the world, or even his intimates, discover his calm fortitude in adversity, his magnanimous temper in prosperity, his profound sympathy with opinions he did not share, his patience with folly and error, his long-sighted wisdom, his unshaken faith in the final triumph of good. He was indeed a strange mixture of openness and reserve. There was the Lincoln who would not let his Cabinet enter on business until he had poured out a flood of irresistible drollery upon every sort of subject, thus perhaps relieving his mind from a tension that it could not otherwise have borne. There was also the melancholy, mystic, brooding Lincoln, a dreamer of dreams and a believer in them, as gentle and tender as he was strong and brave, feeling the losses of the South only less acutely than the defeats of the North, horrifying his generals by his free pardons of deserters and spies, hoping always for the reunion of the future, repeating his favorite text, 'Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.' With the doubtful exception of Washington, Lincoln was the greatest of all Americans; and Washington was substantially a British aristocrat, while Lincoln was racy of the soil."

Trenchant and vigorous are his delineations of the notable figures who occupied the center of the stage at home. Statesmen, divines, authors, artists, scientists, pass and repass in kaleidoscopic fashion. Like the celebrated Obadiah Drant, Mr. Paul has much to say of Sir Robert Peel, but, happily, in language far removed from Obadiah's. Peel, "the giver of freedom and plenty," "the true patriot," needs, he assures us, no defense. Palmerston, he finds, "was in truth a most laborious minister, clear-sighted though not far-sighted, profoundly versed in the secrets of European diplomacy, and always knowing his own mind." Of Disraeli in his younger days he writes: "In the House of Commons he was then unpopular, and his maiden speech, though clever enough, had been a failure. But his brilliant talents, his singular audacity, and his boundless ambition triumphed over all obstacles." Oftentimes his epigrams have an unpleasant sting. Wellington was distinguished by "courageous inconsistency." Malmesbury was but "a cleverish man about town." Of Sir Charles Wood he says, "It was of little consequence what he meant, for he did not mean it much or long." The luckless Smith O'Brien "never ceased to behave like a gentleman, and seldom failed to behave like a fool."

None suffers more severely from Mr. Paul's pungent sarcasm than Louis Napoleon, for whom he clearly entertains a whole-hearted contempt. Louis is pilloried as "a public criminal," a "Jonathan Wild the Little," and "the perjured President of a throttled republic." When he is received by the Church of France "in the Church of Our Lady," we are informed that "the neighboring morgue had been a fitter place." Walewski is another foreigner whom the author deems "corrupt and incompetent." For Bismarck he does not hold an unmixed admiration: "Liberty he detested, and he had no respect for the rights of any country except his own. Without pity, without mercy, without sentiment, without remorse, his dauntless courage, his vast ability, and his iron will raised him in time to a height of power not surpassed by any legitimate monarch who ever wore a crown." In striking contrast is his tribute to Cavour: "Where the interests of his country were concerned he had no self. . . . He died too young for Italy, though not for his own fame."

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Commentary on the Old Testament (An): The Book of Job. By J. T. Marshall, D.D. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 6×8½ in. 131 pages.

Asia and Europe. By Meredith Townsend. (Second Edition.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 396 pages. $1.75.

A timely reprint of one of the most interesting and illuminating books on the East which has appeared for many years past. The volume is made up of chapters which originally appeared in the English reviews and journals, and presents the impressions and conclusions of a lifelong student of the relations between Asia and Europe. At this moment, when Asia and Europe are crossing swords in the most dramatic way, this interpretation of the spirit of the Far East will be of great assistance to those readers who are anxious to form an impression of what lies behind the struggle, of the differences between the East and the West, of the peculiar characteristics of the Oriental mind and civilization, and of what may be expected from the freer development of Oriental life.

Birthe of Hercules (The): With an Introduction on the Influence of Plautus on the Dramatic Literature of England in the Sixteenth Century. By Malcolm William Wallace. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 6½×9½ in. 183 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Book of Cartoons (A). Drawn by Harry J. Westerman. Published by Edward T. Miller, Columbus, Ohio. 9¼×12 in. 120 pages.

Day Before Yesterday (The). By Sara Andrew Shafer. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 255 pages.

This book may well go on the shelf that holds "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Emmy Lou," and "The Would-be-Goods." In other words, it is a true, charming, and entertaining story of child life. It is written with delicacy and feeling as well as with humor. The misadventures, fun, and achievements of Rachel and her brothers, sisters, and playmates are capitally set forth, while the story is pervaded by an atmosphere of cheerfulness and refinement. The story is natural and simple, and has freshness of spirit in an unusual degree.

Dayspring (The). By Dr. William Barry. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 331 pages. $1.50.

Spiritualism, love, politics, and adventure are intricately linked in Dr. Barry's interesting if long-drawn-out story of the days of the Commune. The action revolves about a romantic Irish youth, of "Red Republican" tendencies, who falls in love with a young French widow, an aristocrat of aristocrats. For her part the widow is enamored of him because of his striking resemblance to her dead husband, with whose soul she believes herself to be in constant spiritual communion. This belief is fostered by her evil genius, a charlatan with an eye to her fortune. As a result the lovers tread the proverbially thorny path, until the pseudo-spiritualist meets with his just deserts and the Irishman has a happy solution of his dilemma thrust upon him. The novel would gain by judicious pruning of the dialogue and the elision of totally unnecessary historical disquisitions.

Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems (The). By William Morris. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 4×7 in. 248 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Denis Dent. By Ernest W. Hornung. F. A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 324 pages.

A rather conventional story of adventure from the hand of a man who has accustomed his readers to more originality and freshness. The plot includes incidents of the most antiquated kind: a shipwreck, a rescue of an astounding character, a noble young man who refuses to marry the girl he loves and who loves him, because she has so much money, adventures in the mining fields of Australia, the advent of a villain of the first order, an interview of a decidedly sensational kind with a large snake in the bowels of the earth, the final success of the hero, his return to England to find the young lady of his choice married to the villain, the subsequent heroic death, with a moment of penitence, of the villain, and the triumphal marriage of the hero. "Denis Dent" is easily read. It is hardly possible for Mr. Hornung to write a dull story, but this tale is distinctly below his other work.

Essays on Milton and Addison. By Thomas B. Macaulay. Edited by James Arthur Tufts. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 226 pages.

French Revolution (The). By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 585 pages. $1.25.

It was a happy thought to include in a compact volume the three chapters from Mr. Lecky's "History of England during the Eighteenth Century" which discuss the causes of the French Revolution and describe its progress until the outbreak of the war with England. These three chapters stand by themselves, and can be taken from the History and printed separately without doing violence either to Mr. Lecky's purpose or to the essential integrity of the work. The editor is justified in saying that these chapters could hardly have possessed greater unity if they had been originally

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composed as a single piece of work. In a very brief form Mr. Lecky's interpretation of the earlier periods of the French Revolution is presented; and while the chapters do not cover the whole movement, they deal in a complete way with its initial and, in a way, its determining phases.

From Sunday to Sunday: Short Bible Readings for the Sundays of the Year. By H. C. G. Moule, D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 302 pages. $1.50.

These Bible readings are brief expository studies, five or six pages each, warmly devotional and meditative for the uplifting of the heart to God in Christ. For the individualistic type of religion they leave nothing to be desired. But it is rather singular to find the successor of such a scholar as the late Bishop Westcott insisting on the words of the Authorized Version in Acts i. 11—"Shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go"—as proof of a literal coming again of Christ. The Greek words here rendered "in like manner" are used in 2 Timothy iii. 8 to compare certain false teachers to the Egyptian magicians who played tricks to thwart Moses. A loose analogy is all that they express.

History of Pendennis: His Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends, and his Greatest Enemy. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Illustrated. (Kensington Edition.) Vols. IV. and V. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9 in.

Reserved for later notice.

Imperialist (The). By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 476 pages. $1.50.

To build a romance out of the mooted question of colonial preference in tariff legislation between Great Britain and Canada seems not a very hopeful undertaking, and the average novel-reader will be inclined to wish that Mrs. Cotes had published separately the argumentative part of her book. Nevertheless the author has with great care and faithfulness drawn a picture of middle-class provincial life in Canada, and one that is worth having. There is individuality, also, in her characters, and in many ways the novel shows the marks of literary training and skill. But one misses the sprightliness and vivacity of some of Mrs. Cotes's earlier and less ambitious stories.

In Famine Land. By Rev. J. E. Scott, Ph.D., S.T.D. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5¼×8½ in. 206 pages. $2.50, net.

While this is mainly a study of the terrible conditions that prevailed in India during the great famine of 1899–1900, and of the measures taken to relieve the helpless natives, Dr. Scott devotes considerable space to recapitulating the history and the causes of previous famines. He also offers some practical suggestions in the direction, not of preventing famine—which he thinks impossible in view of the dependence of India on the monsoon—but of mitigating the suffering certain to follow. The famine of which he chiefly treats was the most severe on record, and he hazards the opinion that it was perhaps the greatest drought the world has ever known. It covered an area of over 400,000 square miles, and affected more than 60,000,000 people, or fully one-fifth of the entire population. In its wake came cholera, adding to its ravages until the mortality was fearful to contemplate. Bravely government officials and missionaries strove to relieve the stricken people. Millions of dollars were expended and hundreds of volunteers risked their lives, many to lose them. These pages are full of instances of self-sacrifice, of devoted heroism. Dr. Scott had ample means of observation. As member of several relief committees he was in the thick of the struggle, directing and assisting. The horrors he witnessed can never be forgotten by him, and will not be forgotten by those who peruse the text and examine the gruesome illustrations of this work. But it is not merely as a chronicle that he has perpetuated the ghastliness of the famine. He would call the attention of the English-speaking peoples, who so nobly responded to India's appeal, to the fact that the famine has left thousands of orphans who must be fed, clothed, and trained. Already much has been accomplished, but much remains to be done, and a broad field is open to the charitable. Dr. Scott paints his picture in lurid colors. We do not see how he could have done otherwise.

India and Christian Opportunity. By Harlan P. Beach, M.A., F.R.G.S. The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, New York. 5×7½ in. 308 pages. 50c., net.

Voluntary classes in hundreds of American and Canadian institutions for higher learning are engaged in the study of Christian missions, requiring the series of specially prepared text-books to which this volume belongs. It contains more than the usual amount of general information about the land and the people, along with a survey of the work pursued there and its problems. Among the effects of missionary efforts in India is the present ferment of religious ideas there, with various imitations of Christianity.

Influence of Pasteur on Medical Science (The). By Christian Archibald Herter, M.D. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 78 pages. $1, net.

An interesting memorial of a famous and beneficent life.

Joan of the Alley. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 290 pages. $1.50.

The virility of this book is noticeable. At times it is overwrought and overwritten, but it has vivid sketches of tenement-house life, and its typical characters, such as a ward boss, a labor leader, a brave teamster, and a brutal hobo, stand out with positive distinctness. The heroine, Joan, a French-Irish girl, entranced by the story of Joan of Arc, aspires to lead her fellow mill-hands in a strike and to fight against what she believes to be robbery and oppression. The story of the strike and its failure has many thrilling

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incidents, and out of it Joan draws not glory but love and content.

Lamb to the Slaughter (A): An American Girl's Experience in the Orient. By Lee Welling Squier. The Patriot Publishing Co., Greensburg, Pa. 5¼×7½ in. 402 pages. $1.25, net.

Lectures on Commerce: Delivered before the College of Commerce and Administration of the University of Chicago. Edited by Henry Rand Hatfield. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5×8¼ in. 387 pages. $1.50.

If this first publication of the University of Chicago's College of Commerce and Administration is to be accepted as representative of those yet to come, the reader may rest assured of a rare treat. The papers herein contained are both instructive and eminently readable. Their authors approach the various subjects with directness, clarity of thought, and simplicity of diction, and go far toward evoking an indorsement of the policy of including higher commercial education in the curriculum of a university. Railroading, banking, insurance, advertising, the steel industry, and various phases of mercantile occupations, are the themes discussed, and all are treated informatively. We have no hesitation in commending this volume as a really valuable handbook.

Lectures on Physiology: Vol. I.—The Signs of Life from their Electrical Aspect. By Augustus D. Waller, M.D., F.R.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×8¾ in. 175 pages. $2.25, net.

Left in Charge. By Clara Morris. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 355 pages. $1.50.

Lenten Soliloquies: For Private and Public Use. By William Edward McLaren, D.D. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee. 5×7½ in. 222 pages. $1, net.

These communings with one's own heart, as in the divine Presence, breathe penitence and aspiration, in a girding up of effort for a holier life. Yet it does not seem that this quite fulfills the ideal of the Lenten season. If this ideal is sought for in Jesus' forty days, it should involve, as those days involved for him, a distinct recognition of the life-work lying beyond, much beyond, an exclusively individual, detached life. This detached life, cloistral, occupied with one's own thoughts and feelings, is quite too narrow for the Lenten ideal. This proposes cultivation of the inner life in view of and for the sake of the external activity, apart from which it is incomplete. The whole field of philanthropy, missionary effort, and social religion comes into view in the true keeping of Lent.

Litany and the Life (The): A Series of Studies in the Litany designed more especially for Use during the Season of Lent. By Rev. John Newton McCormick, B.A., D.D. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 5×7½ in. 304 pages. $1, net.

Merely Mary Ann. By I. Zangwill. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 152 pages. 50c.

We have already spoken of Mr. Zangwill's clever story which is now proving popular on the stage in a dramatized form.

Modern School (A). By Paul H. Hanus. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 306 pages.

Regarding the secondary school as "the most widely available organized social force for elevating, refining, and unifying a democratic society," Dr. Hanus here discusses the modern function of such a school, and how it is to be best organized and administered. Distinguishing its threefold aim, vocational, social, cultural, and understanding by culture "the capacity to understand, appreciate, and react on the resources and problems of modern civilization," he considers that each pupil must in a democratic society be allowed "to choose his own curriculum"—not in the sense of an unlimited liberty, but in the sense of "a training in choice," from the age of thirteen onward. The next six years are the proper term of the secondary school, in which manual training and the elements of commercial education should be reckoned among culture studies, with no Latin or Greek for pupils not destined to college. The programme of such a course is sketched in full detail, and the conditions of success in the work of any school are fully discussed. This vigorous and enlightening book makes, among other suggestions, this highly important one: Make educational experiments more convincing by making them co-operative. If twenty-five or even ten school systems, each with five thousand pupils or even less, would agree on concerted educational experiments, the results thus obtained would substitute bases of fact on which educational theory could effectively advance.

New Revolution (The). By A. H. Gilkes. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 4×6¾ in. 84 pages. 50c.

Old Testament in the Light of the Historical Records and Legends of Assyria and Babylonia (The). By Theophilus G. Pinches, LL.D., M.R.A.S. (Second Edition, Revised.) Edwin Gorham, New York. 5½×8½ in. 591 pages.

Passion of Our Lord (The): Intended for Devotional Reading during Lent and Holy Week. By Charles W. Heisler, D.D. The Sabbath Literature Co., Albany, New York. 5×7½ in. 141 pages. 75c.

Pictorial Composition and the Critical Judgment of Pictures. By H. R. Poore, A.N.A. (Second Edition—Revised.) Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 6¼×10 in. $1.50, net. (Postage, 14c.)

A second and revised edition of a handbook prepared for students and lovers of art, and intended to present the principles involved in pictorial composition in such a way as to help the reader in forming an intelligent and critical judgment of pictures. To this end the book sets forth the principles which underlie the work of an artist, using illustrations from well-known paintings.

Poems of John Cleveland (The). By John M. Berdan, Ph.D. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 270 pages. $1.50, net.

This edition of the poems of a rarely read poet of the seventeenth century was prepared as a thesis for the doctorate degree at Yale University, and belongs to a rapidly increas-

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ing group of university studies which are stamped by some immaturity of judgment and style, but which represent first-hand work in special fields and are of value to serious students of literature. The editor furnishes an introduction of more than fifty pages, which is both biographical and critical, and divides Cleveland's work into non-political poems and political, with a third division of poems attributed to Cleveland by modern scholars, but not included in the edition of 1677. As a piece of book-making the volume leaves much to be desired; as a piece of patient and thorough literary work it is in every way to be commended.

Politics and Religion in Ancient Israel. By Rev. J. C. Todd. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 335 pages.

An illuminating volume on Old Testament history and literature. Reserved for later notice.

Principles of Political Economy. By Charles Gide. Second American Edition. Re-translated by C. William A. Veditz, Ph.D., LL.B. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5¼×8¼ in. 705 pages. $2.

In preparing for American students this new edition of Professor Gide's popular "Principes d'Économie Politique," Dr. Veditz has in the main followed the latest edition of the original, which was first published, it will be remembered, about twenty years ago. The translator has, however, made several noticeable departures, all in the direction of increasing the practicality of the work from an American standpoint. Of these changes the most noteworthy is the elision of all distinctly French illustrative material, and the substitution of data from American sources. Thus, in connection with the discussion of tariff problems we note a brief history of tariff legislation in the United States, while the history of banking in this country is utilized to add force to the treatment of the problems of bank organization. Dr. Veditz also supplements several sections with expository matter, giving the latest results of American investigations into certain of the more debatable problems of distribution and consumption. Clarity and simplicity mark his style, and in his hands Professor Gide's text-book loses nothing of its pristine purpose—to give a plain statement of the accepted principles of the science of political economy and to survey its unsettled problems and the various solutions that have been advanced.

Religious Life of London (The). Edited by Richard Mudie-Smith. Hodder & Stoughton, London. 6½×10 in. 518 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Representative Modern Preachers. By Lewis O. Brastow, D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 423 pages. $3.50.

While there is no lack to-day of books on preachers and preaching, there was need of just such a book as this. Professor Brastow has wisely limited himself to a few—nine in all—of the great preachers of the last century, selecting men of diverse types, who have represented a tendency, or answered a want, or headed a movement of their time. Beginning with Schleiermacher, from whom the so-called new theology takes its rise, he introduces in succession Robertson of Brighton, Beecher, Bushnell, Brooks, Cardinal Newman, Canon Mozley, Guthrie of Edinburgh, and Spurgeon. Each of these, whether progressive or reactionary, a dogmatist or a humanist, a broad churchman, high churchman, or free churchman, was a man of power in his line. The source of his power, the formative influences and regulative ideas that shaped his ministry, his personal characteristics, his method of preaching and its effects, all pass under review and appraisal in a luminous interpretation of the man and his achievement, nor is there any lack of an appreciative comparison of man with man. With not all of these could any critic have an equal sympathy. But in Professor Brastow's warm recognition of Cardinal Newman's excellence as a Christian preacher the separating gulf of ecclesiastical and theological difference almost vanishes. Such is the impartiality which characterizes the entire work. Whether as character studies of men variously entitled to distinction, or as critical estimates of the efforts and effects of different aptitudes in different environments, these memoirs possess the varied interest that belongs to our many-sided modern life.

Some Silent Teachers. By Elizabeth Harrison. The Sigma Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 187 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Songs of Content. By the late Ralph Erwin Gibbs. Edited by Charles Mills Gayley. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 5×8 in. 80 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Story of Siena and San Gimignano. By Edmund G. Gardner. Illustrated. (Mediæval Town Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 391 pages. $1.75.

This latest addition to the Mediæval Town Series is from the hand of Mr. Edmund G. Gardner, and is furnished with the usual generous supply of illustrations by Miss Helen M. James and many reproductions of the works of painters and sculptors. The volume, which is intended as a popular history of the Republic of Siena and also as a guide-book to the city and its neighborhood, including Gimignano, follows the usual plan of its predecessors in this series, combining the historical, biographical, and artistic life of the town and the people in popular narrative.

Story of Susan (The). By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 384 pages. $1.50.

Mrs. Dudeney is distinctly a literary artist in that she always conceives and consistently carries out a human drama, with cause and effect working on character. An English village of a half-century or more ago is set before us with the clearest rendering of local atmosphere and color, of class distinctions, and of hatred between church and chapel. In a different way the place and the people are made

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as familiar as those of "Cranford." The situations are distressing and the strain on one's sympathy is too continuous to make the story a cheerful one; but its *genre* pictures of by-gone English life are capitally done. The love of an austere young Methodist tradesman for a frivolous but charming lady's maid, the severity of his co-religionists toward the two, the frightful fate the girl brings on herself by her weakness, the passion with which she resents the attempts of the overgodly to break her spirit and heart, and the gentle religious influence which finally soothes her wounded soul—all are presented with power and sincerity.

Tillie: A Mennonite Maid. By Helen Reimensnyder Martin. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 336 pages. $1.50.

In the hard life and quaint customs of the Pennsylvania Dutch the author has found a new field for fiction. There is, however, no dialect of a repellent kind, and the story of this little maid's struggle for education and intellectual freedom is worth telling in itself apart from the portrayal of types of the Mennonites, New Mennonites, Ammish, and other queer sect-divisions of these peculiar people. There is romance, too, and quiet humor in abundance. The picture of the stolidity, meanness, narrowness, and crass ignorance of the community is relieved by side-lights of love and sympathy.

Twenty Piano Transcriptions. By Franz Liszt. Edited by August Spanuth. (The Musician's Library.) The Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. 9×12½ in. 156 pages. Paper bound, $1.50.

Whatever else Franz Liszt may or may not have been, he certainly was the greatest transcriber of music for the pianoforte. Mastery of the instrument as a virtuoso became in his case more than a tradition; it found enduring expression in his transcriptions. Mr. Spanuth has selected and edited twenty-two of them that may fairly be called representative, including orchestral pieces, operatic pieces, and songs. The biographical and critical introduction by the editor is appreciative.

William Pepper, M.D., LL.D. (1843-1898). By Francis Newton Thorpe. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 6½×9½ in. 555 pages.

The University of Pennsylvania, though founded in colonial days, discovered its second founder in Dr. Pepper, who, during the thirteen years that he served as its Provost (1881–1894), created it as it now is. Rarely does any man earn equal distinction such as his, in different lines of activity, as an educator, as a physician, and as a public-spirited citizen. To him Philadelphia is indebted for her public museums and library. His "American System of Medicine (1885)" surpassed all its predecessors in our language. His gifts to the University, earned in professional practice, are figured by hundreds of thousands, and his gratuitous practice was immense. The premature burning out of such a life in overwork at the age of fifty-four was a national loss. Dr. Pepper was a man not only of tireless activity, but also royally endowed both in mind and in temper. He endeared himself, as few Americans have done, to our Latin-American neighbors, and was commemorated at his death with national honors in the Capitol of Mexico. Such was the man whose name and services this volume embalms.

Woodhouse Correspondence (The). By George W. E. Russell and Edith Sichel. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 281 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Russell will be remembered as the author of that capital book of anecdote and reminiscence, "Collections and Recollections." With his collaborator he here depicts, through the form of letters, the character of a supreme egoist—an Englishman of good family who heroically resists all the attempts of relatives and friends to extract from him either assistance or sympathy. The old gentleman has a trenchant and vigorous pen, and it is evidently a pleasure to him to expose the little tricks and devices of those who would wean him from his reverential care of his own health, comfort, and property. The humor is dry, not to say cynical, and the book is none the less amusing for being out of the regular class of fiction.

Yarborough the Premier. By A. R. Weekes. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 349 pages. $1.50.

Miss Weekes's story of love and politics—mainly politics—is nothing if not melodramatic. It opens with a theft and ends with a murder. The theft has tremendous consequences. One of these is the meteoric flight of the younger son of a noble family from the obscurity of a private secretaryship to the premiership of England. He was the thief, and his booty was a secret treaty. Everybody seems to know that he took the treaty, but nobody will take the trouble to say so. Hence the premiership. But the treaty has a ghost which will not down, and throughout the story the ghost follows close on the charlatan-hero's heels. Finally it trips him up, after an unconscionable delay of twenty years, during which long hiatus—for Miss Weekes conveniently drops the curtain over this most interesting period of her hero's career—"Yarborough the Premier" appears to have developed a change of heart towards the dear people whom he had previously stigmatized as "fools." Inconsistency, however, is not any more marked in his character than in that of nearly every one of Miss Weekes's *dramatis personæ*. Even the heroine—a silly little girl with a tendency to utter commonplace remarks—yields to the general failing. If the personages vex the reader, the situations in which they are placed will, however, cause him to lose his vexation in admiration of the author's profound belief in the credulity of mankind. Of course, though, when a private secretary essays to rise to the premiership by means of one electoral campaign, he must expect to be placed in all manner of impossible situations.

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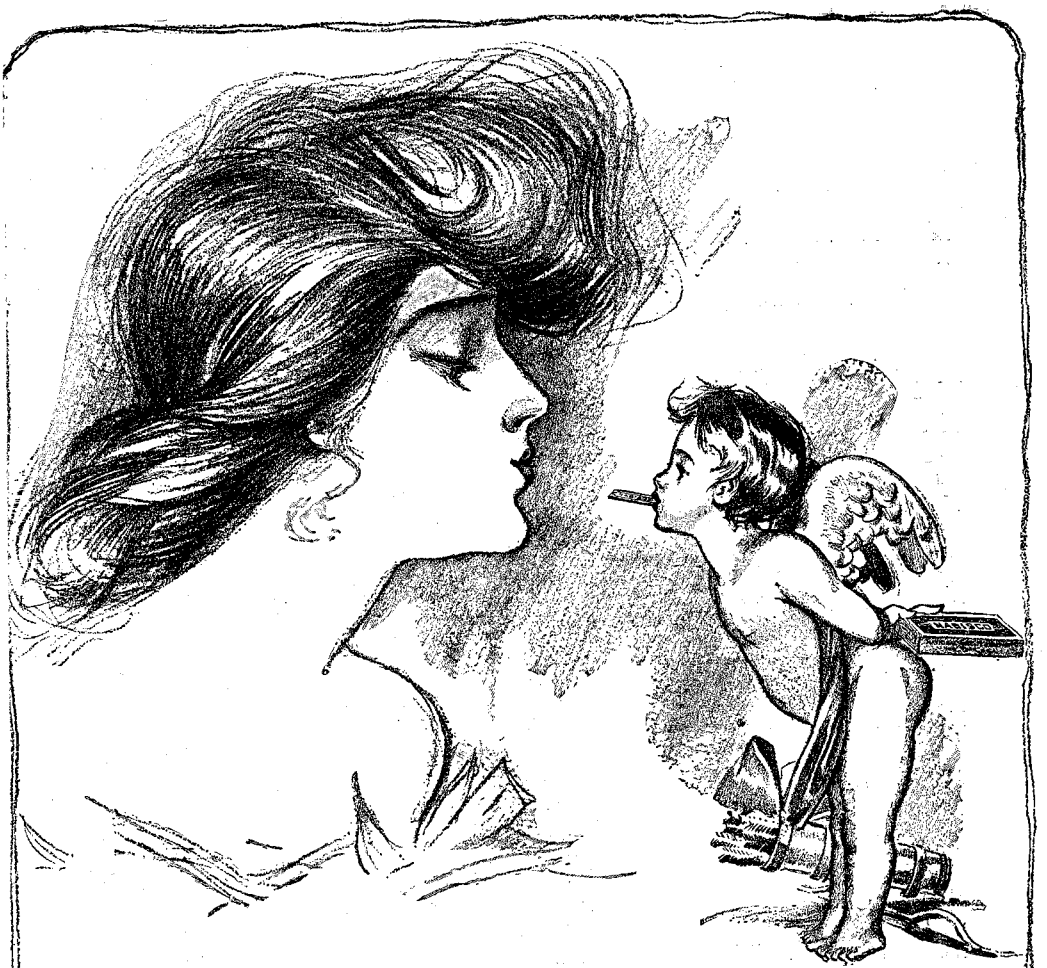

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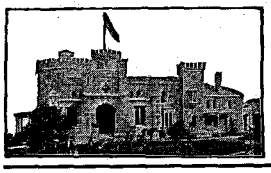

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